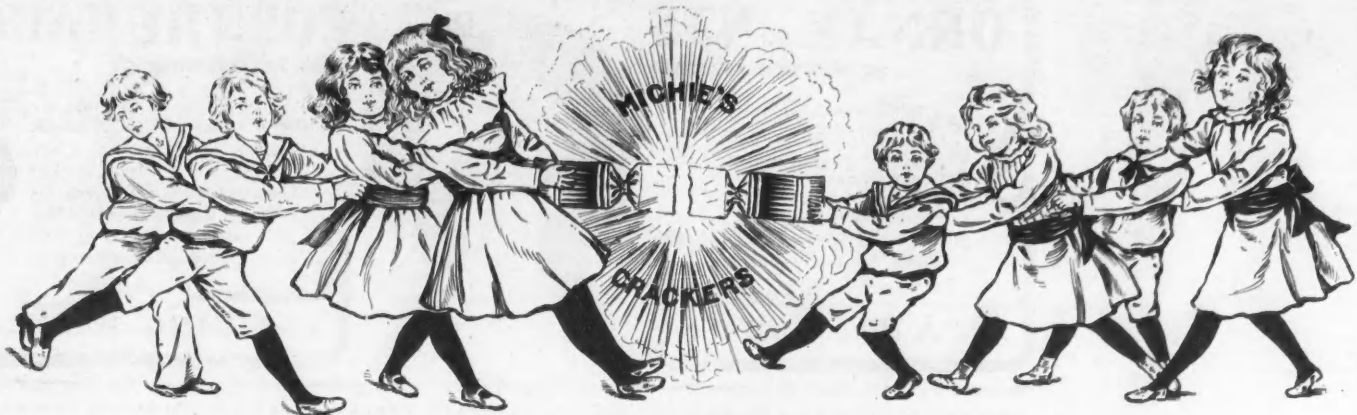


"We as Canadians suffer also the disadvantage of not having our degree recognized in the United Kingdom and

LIMITED
Cor. King and Victoria Streets - TORONTO

If it's from Michie's it's Good



Adults enjoy, and children delight in, the mirth and merriment which Michie's fun-creating Crackers add to the Christmas festivities.

Hundreds to choose from and prices as low as 15c. box, and up to \$2 box.

Michie's Toy Stockings

are already filled with little toys of every description—they save you all the trouble of choosing and never fail to please the children.

They are made in 7 sizes—

The smallest are 10c. each—the largest are \$2.00 each—with five sizes between.

Michie's Xmas Groceries

include some of the finest dessert fruits, etc., it is possible to procure—for instance—

Large Selected Figs - .25 lb.
Best Valencia Almonds - .35 lb.
Superior Malaga Raisins - .40 lb.
Elite Stuffed Dates - .40 box
French Flirt Wafers - .60 tin
English Biscuits for dessert - .35 lb.
English Xmas Cakes - 1.00 each
Finest Mixed Nuts - .15 lb.

Michie's Xmas Candles

are all of the pure and wholesome kind, of which the following are favorites—

Cardinal Creams - .30 lb.
Christmas Mixture - .25 lb.
English Cream Caramels - .30 lb.
Genuine Turkish Delight - .30 lb.
Cadbury's Chocolate Creams - .50 lb.
Michie's Dessert Chocolates - .60 lb.

Michie's Fancy Packages

consist of thousands of pretty Boxes and Baskets—some filled with candies—some empty. Some tiny little favors for the Christmas Tree and some handsome Satin-Lined Work-Baskets.

Some of the Boxes represent miniature pianos, desks, safes, cameras, slippers, footballs, books and other articles. Prices range from 50c. doz. upwards.

7 King St. West.

Michie & Co.

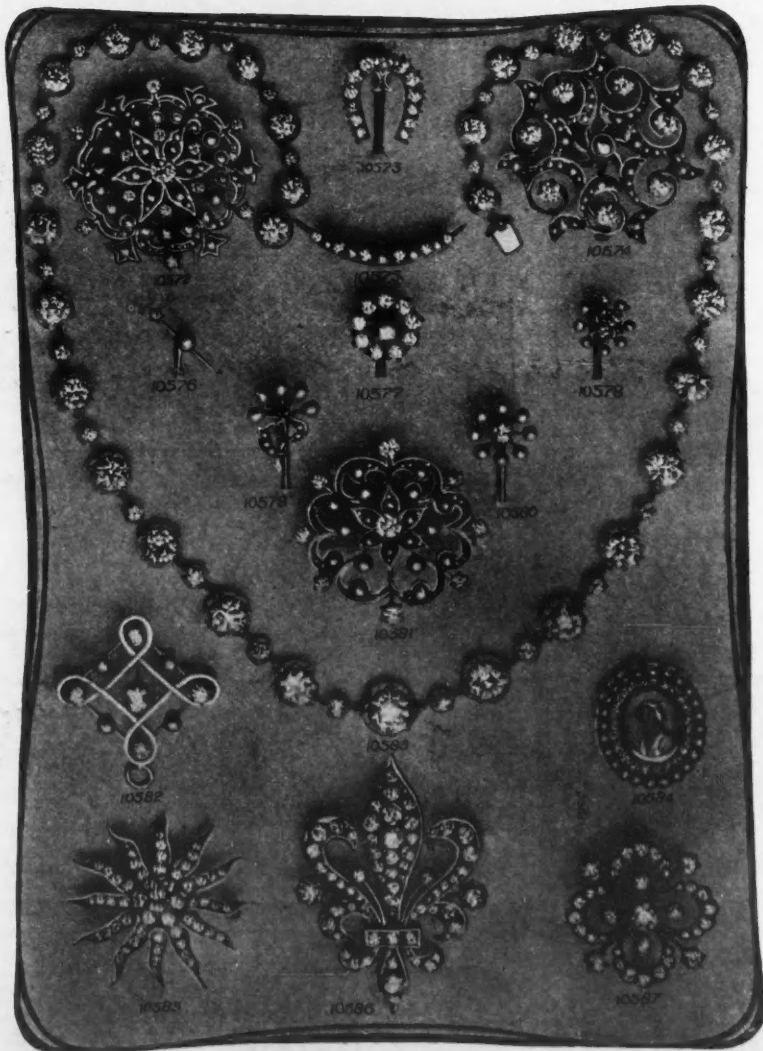
4 Telephones.

Established 1835

An assortment of gems from the stock of...

Diamond Hall

Where Christmas gift purchasers may see a most magnificent display of fine jewelry, and where the cost of a selection may rest at any price between 25c and a sum equal to princely fortune.



No. 10672. Fine Diamond and Pearl Brooch..... \$125.00
No. 10673. Fine Diamond Pin..... 75.00
No. 10674. Fine Diamond and Pearl Brooch or Pendant..... 150.00
No. 10675. Fine Diamond and Pearl Crescent Brooch..... 35.00
No. 10676. Fine Diamond and Pearl Pin..... 10.00
No. 10677. Fine Diamond and Pearl Pin..... 4.75
No. 10678. Fine Pearl and Amethyst Pin..... 10.00
No. 10679. Fine Pearl Pin..... 25.00
No. 10680. Fine Diamond and Pearl Pin..... 25.00

No. 10681. Fine Diamond and Pearl Brooch or Pendant..... \$135.00
No. 10682. Fine Diamond and Pearl Brooch or Pendant..... 150.00
No. 10683. Fine Diamond Necklace..... 1,650.00
No. 10684. Fine Diamond and Pearl Miniature Brooch or Pendant..... 50.00
No. 10685. Fine Diamond Brooch or Pendant..... 225.00
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No. 10687. Fine Diamond Brooch or Pendant..... 250.00

The illustrations on this sheet are the exact size of the articles.

Ryrie Bros.

Jewelers

COR. YONGE AND ADELAIDE STREETS, TORONTO

The Haunted House.

THESE is not far from Lake Huron, an old log house, that has stood for many years, closely hidden among the trees, partly of an orchard and partly wild wood, that have grown up around it. I do not know why it is so, but among those trees no one ever hears the song of a bird or the chirp of the squirrel. What happened there to drive away the forest dwellers no one seems to know, and it is hard to get even the relatives of the former owners, or the neighbors, to say anything at all about the "haunted house," as it is called.

It has no other name. No one speaks of it as the dwelling of any particular person, although the household goods of two of its inhabitants still remain in the room used by them as bedroom and kitchen. The house is haunted as surely as ever a house was, and in the darkness of the woods there roams the spirit of at least one of the women who occupied it. On winter nights her singing can be heard and the hum of her spinning-wheel wakes the forest and frightens anyone who ventures near the house. Lights are seen moving at early evening time from the grave near the back of the house, out around the yard, as if some one were looking to see if there were intruders among the trees and shrubbery, and when satisfied that no one is there, they go into the house, and then the sound of spinning is heard. What is being spun? What do the dead need of the product of the spinning-wheel? Who will use the garments woven from this mysterious yarn? It is no use to ask the neighbors, for each of them has a wild theory of the doings at the old house, and none of them has ever dared to investigate. What is the history of the old house?

No one seems to know just when it was built, but it was there when men who are now over fifty were children. It must be that it is over a hundred years old, and was there when around it the woods were inhabited by the Indians. No one has built near it, and, with the exception of two women, no one has occupied it in the time within man's memory. Why did those women occupy it, and who were they?

There is a mystery about the first one of these women. She came into the woods from somewhere never revealed by her. She was not over twenty-five, and had the appearance and manner of a girl used to the refinements of life. Why she wandered into the woods she did not tell, but she eagerly accepted the offered hand of a fisherman who was settled there on the sandy shores of Lake Huron, and she bore him numerous sons and daughters; but to none of them did she impart the knowledge of who she was, or endeavor to give them any part of the education she evidently had. With no sign of happiness on her face, but with no complaints, she did her work as it came to her until old age came, and then her mind seemed to crave for a change to be alone. At this time the house was already old, and it stood over a mile from any other house. She fitted it up in some way, and after her day's work was done at her own home, would go through the deep woods to it and remain there over night. No one was ever known to be there with her, although sounds of strange character were often heard in the woods, and gradually a fear grew

upon the people, so that no one ventured near the place after dark.

The woman's eyes, always strange, became wild, and looked as if things invisible to those around were seen by her, and she talked often to unseen auditors of things her family had never heard, and mentioned names strange to them.

One morning she did not appear, and when some of her children ventured over to the old house they found her dead, with a smile on her face, as if on leaving the world where she had worked so hard she saw peace and comfort for her.

When she died the house was closed, and they buried her near the back door, leaving her to sleep where she had spent her nights during the latter part of her life. Out on the lake shore life went on as usual. The sons and daughters married and settled in homes of their own, with the exception of one son, who for a good many years remained single. At last he found a wife, and soon it seemed as if the spirit of the dead woman was guiding the young one. In many ways they were so much alike that it seemed as if they must be related. Years went by, children came, and the son's wife grew old and worn with work as her mother-in-law had been.

When her sixtieth birthday passed a strange longing seemed to take hold of her to visit the old house in the woods, and at last, in spite of her husband and children, she took up her abode there as did the woman before her. Soon her eyes had the look of the other woman, and she, too, seemed to be living in a world apart from her surroundings. People who had occasion to go near the house at night began to tell of strange music that was heard among

the trees and coming from the house. It was claimed that two voices could be distinguished, and gradually the belief spread that the living and the dead were together at night in the old house. The spinning-wheel that had lain idle so long was again being used, although no one ever saw any of its productions. If it spun any yarn it was not visible, but the hum of its wheel could be distinctly heard on the night wind many a time after the second woman took possession of the house.

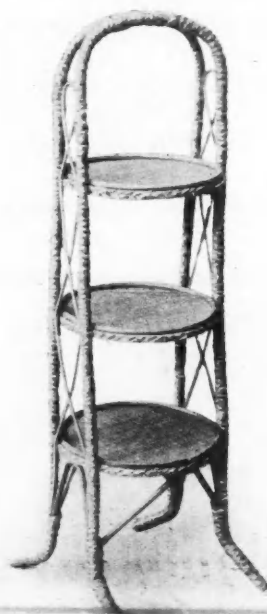
At last death came again and claimed the tenant, and they buried her in the yard beneath an apple tree. Since that time no one has occupied the house, and from the second grave no indication of unrest has been seen, but from the grave of the first woman comes, on the darkest nights, the strange light that flits around among the trees and then disappears in the house, from which the hum of the spinning-wheel and singing is often heard. Who is doing the spinning, or the singing, no one knows, and no one has yet been found who would venture near the house on the nights when the lights are seen.—Detroit "Free Press."

Boston and New York.

The correct route to above points is via New York Central Railway, the great four-track road, whose trains run into Grand Central Station, the only railroad station in New York City, corner Fourth Avenue and Forty-second street.

Fond Parent—I understand the faculty are very much pleased with your work. Dropped Junior—Yes, they enjoyed my sophomore year.—Princeton "Tiger."

"Cluta" Green Rush Furniture



A very acceptable holiday gift for a lady would be one of our "Cluta" Green Rush Cakestands. These stands are light, substantial and artistic.

One 33 inches high costs \$2.75, while one 37 inches high, with three shelves like the illustration, is \$3.50.

Very handsome, elaborately worked ones may be had for \$4.00 and \$5.00 each.

A large variety of paper baskets of the same manufacture affords a fine opportunity for suitable selection of gifts. They range in prices from \$2.00, \$2.25, \$3.00 and \$4.50 each.

There are also a number of beautiful round clock tea tables made

of the same material which may be had for \$5.00, \$5.75, \$6.50, \$8.00 and \$11.50.

Then there are dainty and comfortable Chairs and Rockers to match the tables at \$6.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$11.00 and \$13.00.

These goods are pleasing to the eye, suitable alike for dressing or sitting-room, and very desirable in their practical utility.

Art Pottery

Teplitz

Genuine Teplitz—beautiful combinations of delicate tints of green, ivory and heliotrope. Few varieties of pottery lend themselves so easily to such charming coloring as will be found in these pieces of Teplitz ornaments. They sell for \$3.25, \$3.50, \$3.75, \$4.00 and \$4.75.

Florentine Ware

Manufactured for and imported by us from Liberty & Co., London. Beautiful pieces in blue and green new art.

Porcelain

Sculptured by hand, artistic, dainty and delicate, presented in gracefully draped figures, designed for card trays, candlesticks, clocks and ink bottles. \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10.50, \$11.50, \$13.50 and \$18.50.

Bohemian Glass

Exquisitely inlaid with silver in conventionalized floral designs. Such ornaments as these will find a welcome to almost any room in the house. \$1.50, \$1.85, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$7.50. There is also a beautiful range of Bohemian Glass in its own coloring without silver inlaying, at 25c., 40c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00.

Indian Pottery

Of quaint native production, all hand made. The peculiar richness of colors in these pieces makes them suitable to go with black oak furniture. 30c., 50c. and \$1.00.

John Kay, Son & Co.

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36-38 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

Turkish Baths for Ladies.

Late hours and social duties play havoc with fine complexions. Turkish Baths taken regularly will remove the effects and leave the skin soft and clear—they are better than cosmetics because the results are permanent.

The Baths and massage remove the blackheads and impurities in the skin, which mar the fine complexion. They impart a rosy glow to the cheeks and promote a natural circulation, and remove all wrinkles.

Cook's Baths are the best baths in the city for ladies, for whom special accommodation is provided.

Open for ladies:—Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 9.30 a.m. till 12 p.m., and closed at 2 p.m. Price, \$1.00.

COOK'S TURKISH BATHS

202-204 King Street West

TORONTO



Beautiful Neck Wraps, - - - - - 25c. to \$2.50
 Handsome Neckwear, - - - - - 25c. to 1.00
 Suspenders, best makes - - - - - 25c. to 1.00
 Gloves—silk, wool and fur lined - - - - - 50c. to 2.50
 Umbrellas, - - - - - 75c. to 3.00

These make nice useful gifts for Christmas, and as we do not rely upon our Furnishing Department for all the business of the store you can readily see that our prices are bound to be less than most other houses charge for the same goods.

Shop here for your Christmas Neckwear

OAK HALL Toronto's Best Clothiers
 Opp. St. James Cathed. 115 King Street East
 J. COOMBS, Manager.

LADY GAY'S COLUMN

ENCOURAGEMENT is badly needed by many a weary, timid and mistrustful soul. It comes from without. If the soul had power to hearten itself up, it would not be weary, timid and mistrustful. Therefore, be ready, you abounding ones, to impart courage, bright hope and good self-value to those needy ones. Regression is badly needed by many a strong, dominant, enterprising spirit. It comes from within if it is going to be of any lasting benefit. Therefore, be watchful, you go-ahead, positive, richly vital ones, lest you pass unheeding some blessed tarrying place, or trample, unthinking, some soul-flower that should be prized and cherished. Learn to submit to your own discipline, you wondrously gifted ones; take thought to be soft-hearted, and time to be considerate, and don't be so sure your view is the only view possible. The whip and spur may be needed for some, but the check and bit and curb are badly wanted for others. And encouragement is not the only wise thing one can dispense. While one is bracing up one's neighbor, there may be a bit of work at home, in the way of sweetening and humanizing and humbling oneself. When you feel like sallying forth to make the world over, it is the wise plan to turn back, look the door on the inside, and do a bit of quiet self-suppression.

A girl has been trying to impress me and convince me about her mental attitude regarding a matter. No one really cares what may be one's neighbor's mental attitude on any abstract question, and as I told the girl, it only mattered to herself, and not at all to me, whether she thought so and so. On any intimate personal question it is sometimes worth while to know what one's friends think. If the subject concerns us individually, but unless for purpose of organization or some mutually desirable end, it really doesn't matter what our friend's exact mental pose may be, even if he knows, which nine times out of ten he doesn't.

Strictly in confidence, I might mention that this column is really a Christmas one. I have not the nerve to wish that comprehensive "Merry Christmas to all," because there are some at whom I don't wish to jeer. Yesterday, in the biting cold, I met a tender little child, his face sweet and young and gentle-looking, his little cheeks streaked with tears from the biggest, honestest deep blue eyes, his little round knees peeping through holes in thin little breeches, and his curls straggling from a tiny cap. He was doubled up as he faced the wind, and slipped about in old gaping shoes upon the icy granolithic. I got between him and the gentle zephyrs and demanded, "Where are you going, little man? Isn't it rather cold for you?" "Bet it is," said the wee boy, cordially. "Hav'n't you better go home?" I gently suggested. "Naw," said the little one, decidedly. "Maw and paw's got to fight in," and it's too warm for me," and with his little paws doubled up in his long, ragged sleeves, he shuffled away before I could think whether I had any way of helping him not to freeze to death. But were I to say "Merry Christmas to all" I should have had dreams of that little, lovely, ragged child scuffling out into the icy streets on account of the rise in temperature in his hovel home, where "paw and maw got to fight in," not to mention the sarcasm of the wish if presented to those belligerents. It seems, however, to be up to me to hunt up the wee boy, philosopher, diplomat and stoic that he is, and try if there isn't some chance of securing, as well as wishing, him a Merry Christmas.

A long way off, a very long way, there is a tiny little old lady who wishes me that jubilant holiday. She is so tiny, so self-willed and so clever that I am never tired of wondering at her particular brand. It is the good old South of Ireland sort, that never says die, and that can be comfort and company and interest for itself in a way one hardly ever sees nowadays. The little old lady lives on a small island, and a small annuity, in the "upper front" of a cosy, quaint old house, where other old ladies also abide, and all are very formal and distant and condescending to each other. The admiral's widow sometimes so far unbends as to commend my little old maiden lady as a good and estimable creature, and, strictly in confidence, my little old lady has mentioned to me that the admiral's widow has many worthy traits, adding, in a sort of dreamy aside, "Her father was a chandler, too!" On Christmas Day there is a solemn interchange of civilities, no "Merry Christmas," which would be undignified, but a ceremonious utterance of "the compliments of the season." Surely the most tissue paper sort of sentiment the artificiality of man or woman could evolve! There are gifts, too—calendars and books of texts and little impersonal trifles such as those, for there does not pretend to be the smallest section of heart go with them. The little old maid has a small pile of these trifles on her tiny bedside table and sometimes she remarks at breakfast, "I had a beautiful verse from your text-book to-day, Mrs. Admiral." And Mrs. Admiral bows and bristles in a manner suggesting authorship of the Holy Scriptures at least, such is the wicked report of my little old lady. And after dinner on Christmas evening the oldest of all the old ladies, who owns the quaint old pension, produces a bottle of fruity old port, which even earns the approval of the admiral's widow, and the half dozen old ladies drink each a sort of thimbleful from queer old glasses. And wonderful to hear are the old stories, no old every Christmas, and demure mention of titled or distinguished relatives by the admiral's widow and the little old maid and the mistress of the pension, and the flash of a lovely diamond on the double-decked front of the admiral's widow, and the gleam of some wonderful glowing rubies on the wrist of the little old maid, and scraps of lace here and there on the other old ladies, only worn on very high days and holidays. Among all the lovely bits of quaint old-time life I have studied and loved none will excel that bit in the rock-bound, sea-washed little island, where a section of my many-fractioned heart abides. And when

ORNAMENTS

ONE would hardly think there could be so many pretty styles all in one season. But there are—and they are here. Hair Ornaments made of flowers and feathers and representing the tastes of a good many different designers. See display in window.

...JAHN & SON



FOR THE HAIR

A gift offering they are one of those artistic presents so acceptable to a lady and in excellent taste. Besides Hair Ornaments are several interesting suggestions for ladies' gifts—and you can shop here in comfort away from the crowds.

73½ KING WEST...



GREETINGS

The New Eleven-Gored

SKIRT

is specially adapted for street wear, and is made to carry out the effect of the popular corset coat.

We Are Showing This Style in several very nobby and up-to-date materials, and can guarantee satisfaction to the most fastidious taste.

Special Exclusive Designs sketched and made to order with no additional charge.

THE SKIRT SPECIALTY COMPANY

Phone—Main 3249

64 KING STREET WEST

J. G. Mitchener, Manager.

I am very, very old, I always intend to slip quietly in beside the successor of the admiral's widow and sit upon the second best armchair, as the little old maid now does, and flash the glowing red stones upon my wrist, and derive great comfort from the fact of superior birth to whoever may be the successor of the chandler's daughter. Isn't it too delightful an old age prospect?

LADY GAY.



A LOVER'S MISTAKE.

A Literary Light.

After a lecture in the northern part of the State of New York recently, Mr. John Kendrick Bangs was entertained by some members of his audience, who frankly confessed to a great admiration for Mr. Elbert Hubbard of Roycroft fame.

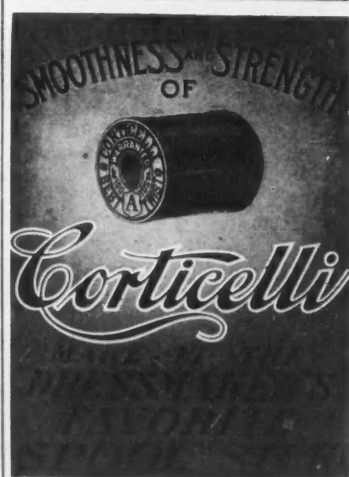
"You do not consider Mr. Hubbard one of the lights of letters down your way, do you, Mr. Bangs?" asked a young woman of Philistine tendencies.

"Of course we do," replied Mr. Bangs.

"We consider him one of the Northern lights of letters—a regular East Aurora borealis."

Featherstone—Haven't you got a great deal of mistle, Willie? Why, there is enough here for a seminary.

Willie—Yes, Sister wants to cover the whole ceiling.



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Fidelity bonds for all persons in positions of trust. We issue them for officers and employees of all concerns—banks, telephones, telegraph and secret agencies of all descriptions. Write for particulars.

The London Guarantee and Accident Co. LIMITED
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS
 The most Extensive, Varied and Original Collection of Presents in the City are to be found at our
Antique Galleries
 COMPRISING—Old Sheffield Plate Jewellery, Fine Cut Glass, Candelabras, Old China, Ornaments, Dainty Furniture, etc.
 These Objects of Art Form Original Presents Highly Appreciated by all, and we invite those in search of CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S GIFTS to pay an early visit of inspection.

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NORDHEIMER PIANOS

Typify the piano perfection of the age and possess the tone quality that lifts them into a class by themselves.

NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO. TORONTO
 BRANCHES & AGENCIES IN ALL LEADING CITIES IN CANADA.

Christmas Decorations

Before Buying Give Us a Call

Evergreen Moss Wreathing 4c per yard.
 Holly, very fancy and fresh, in lots to suit.
 Tissue Paper Wreathing, 4 colors, 10 yard bundle 25c.
 Holly Wreaths from 50c up.
 Something New, Tissue Paper Wreaths and Stars 15c and 30c each.

A Palm

makes an acceptable Christmas Present
 A large assortment to choose from, ranging from \$1.00 to \$5.00 each.

Also other decorative plants.

Be sure you leave your order early for your...

Christmas Tree

as the stock is limited. \$1.00 to \$3.00 each, in sizes to suit.



The Steele, Briggs Company, Limited.
 130 and 132 King Street East.
 Telephone Main 1962. Greenhouses—Queen St. East, Beach 5.

Gole's LIMITED
 Phones North 2004 and 2005 719 Yonge Street

Owing to pressure of business
Xmas Special Orders
 Should be placed not later than Saturday, 19th inst.

No Orders For Xmas Day
 taken after three o'clock on the previous day.

TAYLOR'S OLD VIOLETS

THE LATEST PERFUME
 J. D. TAYLOR & CO. TORONTO

Good Linen Handkerchiefs FOR Christmas Gifts

LADIES'

Real Lace Trimmed, \$1.25 to \$12.00 each.

Finest Linen, Hand Embroidered, \$1.25 to \$7.00 each.

Embroidered Lawn and Linen, 12 1/2 c. to \$1.75 each.

Hemstitched Linen, \$1.25 to \$6.00 dozen.

Box of 1/2 doz. Hemstitched, Initialled, Linen, for \$1.75.

GENTLEMEN'S

Hemstitched Linen, \$2.25 to \$6.00 doz.

Box of 1/2 doz. Initialled Linen, for \$2.50.

Hemmed Linen, \$1.75 to \$4.00 doz.

Silk, Hemstitched, 40c. to \$1.50 each.

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office.

TORONTO.

Established 1864.

A Suggestion for Gift-Givers...

Nothing is more appropriate or exquisite for a lady than a bottle of our perfume.

We have the finest importations ranging in price all the way from 25c. to \$25.00 a bottle.

See our stock of guaranteed Ebony Goods.

The Hooper Co., Limited.

Prescription Specialists, Perfumers, etc.

43 KING ST. WEST 467 BLOOR ST. WEST

PERFUMES
W. H. LEE
King Edward
Drug Store
Open all night
SOMETHING NEW
Perfumed flannel is
used instead of
Sachet Powder.

TANAGRA
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BLUE LILIES
CYTISE
VIOLET DU CZAR
IBERIS
FLORENTA
IDEAL
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VIOLET SEC
BRISSE DE IOLETTES
BOUQUET PARNES
IDEAL PINK
VIGNE FLEURIE
DACTYLIS
VIOLETTE AMBRE
JACKY
CONCRETE VIOLET
VIOLETTE DE PARNES

Social and Personal.

Mrs. Everard Cotes made a short visit from Toronto a few days since, coming on to Ottawa the latter part of last week. She was the guest of honor at a cosy little tea in the yellow drawing-room at the King Edward on Friday afternoon, to which the hostess, Mrs. Blackstock Downey, invited a few friends, quite informally. Among those who dropped in between five and six were Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Captain des Voeux, Mrs. Gwynn Francis, Mrs. James Grace, Mrs. Arthur Sprague, Miss Louise Birchall, Mr. Gould, Miss MacMurchy, Mr. G. T. Blackstock and a few others. Mrs. Cotes was looking very much better than on her first visit this fall, and has promised to persuade her husband to accompany her next time she comes over from India to visit us.

Dr. Badgerow, who has been for some years abroad, came home at the end of the week on a very short visit connected with business affairs, and returns to London immediately. His Toronto friends were charmed to see him and to find him looking as if England agreed with him. After some months I hear he may be in Toronto permanently, as a specialist.

A man objects very warmly to the fact lately taken up by some smart women of using a curiously penetrating and lingering Oriental sort of perfume. There was a perceptible odor of this perfume at a recent dance, and one or two of our mondaines seemed to have a good deal of it about them. The man asked me to beg these women not to use this penetrating scent, for reasons which seemed to him most conclusive.

Two more buds were added to the bouquet on Saturday, day of storms and terribly disagreeable weather. The friends of the buds and their people did them especial honor by turning out in good numbers to greet the debutantes.

Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer of Glen-edyth entertained at dinner on Tuesday evening.

On Sunday Professor Clark of Trinity baptized the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James George of Maple avenue. The baby is a sturdy wee thing. Mrs. Clark, who left for a visit to England some weeks ago, has returned to Toronto.

Lady Howland and Miss Bessie Bethune are spending some weeks at the Welland, St. Catharines.

Colonel Campbell Macdonald has been traveling in the South and has not yet returned.

Mrs. Capon, 14 College street, has invited some of her friends to an At Home at her residence this afternoon. Some choice music will be one of the attractions. The affair is in honor of Mrs. R. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, having rented their house furnished to Mrs. Foster for the winter, and being delayed in starting for the land of sunshine and flowers by Mr. Smith's suit regarding his auto-accident, have gone for a short while to Mrs. Trow's (nee Smith), where they will spend the holiday season. Mrs. Trow, who has recently removed to a larger residence in Earl street, will have a family gathering for Christmas. Mr.

and Mrs. Mulholland are coming from their home to spend the festive season with Dr. and Mrs. Trow.

One of the prettiest imaginable school dances was that given for the students and their girl friends in St. Andrew's College on Friday of last week. The Principal and Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald received a great number of guests, mostly buds and semi-readys, but here and there an older good friend of the progressive and popular college. The galaxy of girlish loveliness, simply set off by white frocks and plainly dressed hair, was admired to the utmost by everyone. And the beaux, college lads, in wide collars, Greek letter members, here and there a society man who enjoyed the fresh loveliness of the fair maidens as a relief to the more sophisticated charms he had complimented the night before at Government House, were all distinctly impressed by the fact that they were at a pretty girl party. The college was decorated with white and white bunting and many other bright devices. Mrs. Macdonald looked very sweet and pretty in white silk and dainty lace, with pearls. There were several of the autumn debutantes at this dance. Miss Norton Beatty looking very well. It was not a late dance, for obvious reasons, but while it lasted it went with great vim.

Mrs. Logan has sent out cards for her daughter's coming-out dance in St. George's Hall on January 8, at half-past eight o'clock. Miss Olive Logan is a brunette, very sweet and popular with her circle.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Mr. Alfred Eccleston to Florence E., third daughter of Mrs. E. Watson, 86 Dominion street, which takes place in St. Mark's Church, Cowan avenue, on Tuesday, December 29, at 7 p.m., followed by a reception.

Among guests registered at the Welland, St. Catharines, are Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Kingsmill, Mr. E. Clement Beardmore, Mrs. F. C. Ellis, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jones, Mrs. MacNeillage, Lady Howland, Miss Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Barnard, Mrs. R. W. Ball, Mrs. Abraham of Toronto, Mrs. A. C. Chambers, Miss Johnson of Ottawa, Mrs. G. C. Gibbons, Miss Helen Gibbons of London, Mr. Hugh C. Baker of Hamilton, Miss Grace Johnston of Goderich, Miss J. Parker of Detroit, Mrs. M. Lee of Springfield, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Tremaine of Franklin, La.

Mrs. G. B. Smith, 454 Sherbourne street, will receive with her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Trow, of Earl street, the remaining Mondays in December and January.

Mrs. Foster is settled at 454 Sherbourne street, as I stated she intended being a fortnight ago. The announcements elsewhere locating her at 545 are calculated to mislead her visitors.

A perfectly deplorable day confronted messieurs and mesdames last Saturday, and three teas of special interest and one or two smaller ones also confronted the mondaines. At about four o'clock the day of the weather man. Because there was a triple call it was, perhaps, that messieurs and mesdames decided to make an effort and brave the snow, sleet, wind and rain of quite the most shocking afternoon of the year. Farthest, and therefore often taken first, was Mrs. Gillespie's tea at the Rectory for her daughter-in-law and niece-in-law, the two charmingly pretty brides of this season. Those who were at this very bright afternoon cannot say too much of the sweet young matrons, Mrs. Howland and Mrs. Albert Gillespie, who stood with their hostesses and relative and were a picture, blonde and brunette, in their smart white gowns. The Italians played in the hall and tea was served in the dining-room from a glowing basket of red carnations and mignonette tied with a bright red bow. The color scheme was a treat on that dull day, and was followed with great unanimity by all three big teas. Mrs. McLeod having her buffet made very smart with carnations and alyssum, and Mrs. Rutherford repeating the grand effect obtainable with showy poinsettias, which glorified Mrs. Schoenberger's room last week. Many of the guests went from Mrs. Gillespie's to Mrs. McLeod's and finished up a good afternoon's fun at Mrs. Rutherford's, but the other order was observed sometimes, and not all had the three functions on their hands. Several guests from Mrs. Kingston's tea came in late to Mrs. Rutherford's, and vice versa. Considering it was a day when everyone would have, under other circumstances, hugged the fireside, society did itself and its hostesses proud. Mrs. McLeod had a very nice, bright young daughter, Miss Vivien, to present, and a house party including Mr. and Mrs. Manning of Fredericton, who are up on a visit and will be here over the holidays, I presume. Mr. McLeod has had a bad attack of rheumatism, and was looked up in his sanctum by some intimates. The big house was comfortably filled with the passing crowd, who paused a moment on formal presentation to wish Miss Vivien all sorts of good times for the balance of the season. She wore the orthodox white frock, an exceedingly pretty one, and Mrs. McLeod was elegantly gowned, as usual. Mrs. Manning, who has been here for some weeks, took her old place as a daughter of the house, and Miss Francis, last year's debutante, assisted in looking after the company. In the tea-room a party of girls, Miss Janie Wallbridge, Miss Annie Michie, Miss Louise Hart, Miss McArthur and Miss Louise Matthews, whose names are a synonym for all that is attractive, were in charge of the tea-table. There was music and chat and laughter enough to make the usual merry melody, and the tea was a huge success, in spite of the bad weather. In the evening the young people had a euchre party.

At Mrs. Gillespie's tea Miss Deda Gillespie, looking sweetly pretty in white voile de soie, very smartly trimmed with fringe and touches of pale blue, was assisted by Miss Falconbridge, one of the most popular and delightful of this year's debutantes; Miss McBurn of Hamilton, Miss Brock of Winnipeg and Miss Amy Douglas. I saw Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn at two of the teas last Saturday, looking very well indeed in a most becoming hat of deep red velvet and a rich black gown.

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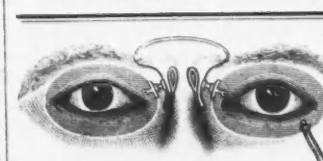


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FRUITS AND FLAVORS			
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	\$0.35	\$0.60	\$0.75	\$0.30	\$1.50
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	0.60	1.00	1.50		

Charlotte Russe and Italian or Spanish Cream are served in individual sizes, also in one, two and three pint moulds.

Charlotte Russe, in moulds	1 Pint.	2 Pints.	3 Pints.	Per doz.
Italian or Spanish Cream, in moulds	\$0.35	\$0.60	\$0.75	\$0.30
	0.40	0.70	1.00	0.60

Punches—are made in Roman, Rock, Claret, Coffee Frappe and other flavors, 75c. to \$1.00 the quart according to flavor.

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If at First you Don't Succeed.

"DON'T you think, dear, that it would be nice to spend our Christmas in Florida?" Mr. and Mrs. Whittier were sitting in their cozy back parlor. As she spoke, Mrs. Whittier turned to her husband with an anxious look of interrogation.

"Never," exclaimed Whittier. "Why, we couldn't afford it. What an idea! I wouldn't dream of such a thing. Florida! I should say not!"

"I merely mentioned the matter," said Mrs. Whittier, seeing her error. "It is of no special consequence."

At the same time she eyed sadly a package of time-tables and steamboat circulars that for the past week she had been surreptitiously collecting. To go to Florida had been the dream of months. And now it was ruthlessly shattered.

Still, Mrs. Whittier did not despair. "Well, if we don't do that," she said at last, "we must have a nice Christmas dinner, mustn't we?"

The thought of a dinner brought Whittier to himself instantly. "You bet!" he said, rubbing his hands. "We'll have the best the country can afford."

"I sometimes wish," said Mrs. Whittier, after a moment, "that we had a houseful of children. It seems a pity to sit down to a Christmas dinner all alone."

"Well, why should we?" said Whittier. "Can't we ask someone in?"

Mrs. Whittier looked off into space, with her eyebrows closely knit, as if the problem were too great for her to master on the instant. At last she said slowly:

"How would it do for you to ask your Aunt Jane? She's getting along in years, and it may be our last chance to pay her any attention."

Whittier thought a moment. "I guess you're right," he said at last. "I was looking forward to a Christmas dinner by ourselves. Still, Aunt Jane is a good old soul, and I guess we'd better ask her. But there's Cousin Emily. I suppose she'll have to come, too."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Whittier. "We shall, of course, have to ask Emily. We couldn't ask one without the other."

There was a pause. Finally Whittier spoke again. "I suppose," he said, "if we ask Aunt Jane and Emily, that Uncle Henry and Georgiana will feel it."

"I had thought of that," replied Mrs. Whittier. "They've both been kind to us, and it would never do to offend them. Then, of course, the children—"

"Oh, of course the children," interposed Whittier; "they'll have to come with their parents. Well, we'll have to do it, that all. I guess we can stand it for once."

There was another pause. Mrs. Whittier at last looked meekly up. "There's another thing, dear," she

said, "that has occurred to me."

"What's that?"

"Well, you know there's my Aunt Sally. Aunt Sally is so sensitive. If she hears that your side of the family is coming she'll feel it."

Whittier sighed. But the justice of the argument appealed to him.

"Yes," he said at last. "I suppose that's so. It's nothing more than fair, if my people come, that yours should, too. But you have a Cousin Rufus and an Uncle William, haven't you?"

It was Mrs. Whittier's turn to sigh. "More than that," she said. "Don't you remember Aunt and Uncle Rubyton and their children?"

Whittier got up nervously and paced the floor.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed at last. "What are we going to do? It's awful to dwell on. We simply have got to ask them all. Why, it will cost a mint to entertain all this crowd."

He grew more excited. "It's a fearful thing," he said, "to have relatives. We're in for it, I guess. We can't lop any of 'em off. Well!" he cried, turning to Mrs. Whittier, "have you nothing to suggest? You got us into it. Can't you get us out?"

Mrs. Whittier waited a moment before she replied.

"We might go to Florida," she said finally.

Whittier slapped his hand on his knee. "Just the thing!" he cried. "Why in the world didn't you say so before?"—Tom Masson.

The Way of The World.

"When we were poor," remarked the prosperous man reflectively, "we looked forward to the time when we could have a summer home."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got rich enough to have one we didn't like going to the same place every summer, because it was monotonous, and we looked forward to the time when we could have another for variety."

"Well?"

"Well, we got another, and then we began to long for a winter place, so that we wouldn't have to be so much in the big house in the city."

"Well?"

"Well, we've got them all now."

"And are you happy?"

"I suppose so. At least, I suppose my wife is. She keeps them all shut up, but spends most of her time in Europe, but she knows she has them."—Chicago "Evening Post."

Greedy.

He—Won't you give me just one kiss before I go?

She—And if I give you just one will you be satisfied?

He—Yes, darling.

She—Then you won't get it.

The New Thought of Conversion.

THE third sermon of Rev. J. T. Sunderland in his series on "Religious Thought in the Twentieth Century" was delivered last Sunday evening at the Unitarian Church. The subject was "The New Thought of Conversion." The texts selected were Matthew 18: 3, and Psalm 19: 7. The speaker defined the doctrine of conversion as it is commonly held by the Protestant churches which put most emphasis upon it, quoting from one of the prominent creeds. The doctrine, he thought, contained certain elements of truth and others of error. As commonly understood, it is based upon a somewhat crude psychology and a somewhat superficial conception of moral law. Yet it recognizes, though in a rather bungling way, the following important facts: Religion is a real experience in human life, which can no more be ignored than life itself can be ignored. Sin is a fact. The need of reformation is a fact. Reformation to be effective must be radical, must go down to motives; it is not enough to prune off branches—"the axe must be laid at the root of the tree." Evil must not be compromised with; it must be given up. The time to reform is not the future, but now. Fools say "to-morrow;" wise men say "to-day." The will-element is important in all reform. Men seldom happen to turn from evil to good. Drifting is always down-stream, never up. To reform and turn from sin to righteousness men must determine, must resolve, must say "I will." In putting emphasis upon these facts connected with man's moral life, the doctrine of conversion, even in its crudest forms, doubtless renders a valuable service to religion.

Some of the evils of the doctrine are the following: (1) As commonly understood, it is a part of a theological system, or scheme, which modern intelligence discredits. There is no longer any ground for believing in a literal Adam, or any such "fall of the race" as we have been taught. Quite as little ground have we for belief that the second person of the Trinity came into the world in human form and died to make an atonement for sin, and thus establish conditions by accepting which man can escape the ruin brought on him by the "fall." Hence "conversion," considered as an act or process whereby man accepts those imaginary conditions, secures the benefit of the imaginary atonement, and escapes the consequences of the imaginary fall, of course comes to nothing with the collapse of the theological scheme. (2) In its common form the doctrine teaches that a rigid line runs through the world, separating mankind into two companies, saints and sinners, saved persons and lost persons, persons fit for heaven and persons fit only for hell. But, as a fact, there is no such rigid line. In the nature of the case it is as impossible as that there should be a rigid line between cold and heat, light and darkness, the beautiful and the not beautiful. As a fact, good and evil are largely mixed together in every human being both are found. The best persons have their imperfections; the worst persons have in them some good, and generally much more than we suppose. (3) As commonly taught, conversion implies that character can be transferred from one person to another. If I "lay my sins on Jesus" and have had no sins. If I have faith in Christ who is righteous, then His righteousness becomes mine. But it is marvelous that men who have any knowledge of the laws of mind can believe this. No man believes that knowledge, as for example of the science of botany, can be transferred from one person to another by an act of faith. But cannot knowledge be transferred as easily as moral quality? The simple truth is, the declaring of one person to be righteous because he believes in the righteousness of another, does not make the first-named person in the slightest degree more righteous than he was before; it simply introduces an element of confusion and self-deception into the case. (4) As often taught the doctrine has an immoral influence. To say that a long life of virtue and usefulness has no power, unless a man is converted, to land him anywhere except in hell, but that from a life of crime and iniquity one will go straight to heaven if only he is converted in a dying hour, is in the most serious way to discourage virtue and to put a premium upon vice. (5) The doctrine tends to prevent that large class of persons who do not regard themselves as converted from paying attention to religion and undertaking the discharge of religious duties. "What is the use?" they say. "Going to church, reading the Bible, prayer, trying to live a religious life, will do no good unless we have been converted." This is most lamentable. A wiser theology would not thus blind men in its teachings. Men should be taught that every pure thought, every good deed, every breath of prayer, every effort in the direction of the religious life is well pleasing to God, and brings with it a sure reward.

The new and better thought of conversion which is coming to our time takes far more account of education than the old doctrine. It believes more in evolution than in revolution as a means of saving men. It looks upon the true religious life as a growth, and not as something which can spring into existence in full maturity in a moment. The word "convert" means to turn, or to turn about. If one has been trained religiously from childhood, where is there any place for conversion as commonly understood? To turn such a person about would be to turn him away from religion. But there is a view of conversion which gives it a place, and an important place in every life. We are all imperfect. We all have a moral battle to fight. We all have the struggle to make of our higher with our lower selves. We all slip and fall again and again. We all go astray into false paths a thousand times over. What is conversion? It is turning from the wrong to the right. It is the soul's effort to correct its mistakes; to tread under foot the beast that lingers within us, and rise toward the angel. It is not a single abnormal experience, entering into our lives at one point and never reappearing; but it is a law of our lives. It is the soul's struggle, renewed every day, and never ending until death—out of weakness into strength, out of passion into patience and self-mastery, out of ignorance into wisdom, out of selfishness into love, out of sin into holiness.

Exactly in harmony with this view is the new and larger thought of "regeneration." The old thought insisted upon a new birth; the new insists upon new

births. To be born again, and to go forward with the years, to be born again and again, into new and ever new, into constantly larger and higher spiritual life, is the true law of our being. All human progress must be very truly by new births. To read a book which opens to one a new world of thought is to be born into a new thought realm. To find oneself waking to a new and rich experience of love is to be born into a new heart-world. Thus new and nobler spiritual births are waiting for us all along life's journey. Except a man be born again he cannot see any new kingdom of God, whether it be of truth, or love, or duty, or hope, or faith, or worship. Oh, poor and small indeed is the life into which only one new birth has come!

Doubtless into, here and there, a human life there enters one great, overshadowing crisis-experience, corresponding very well with the conception of conversion as preached in revivals and taught in so many of the creeds. Such a case was that of Paul. But we must not expect that all human beings will pass through such an experience that all rivers will have in them a cataract like Niagara. There is nothing that the religious world more needs than a larger and truer understanding of the whole subject of conversion, regeneration, the origin and development of the religious life, God's methods of touching, quickening, lifting up the souls of men. Infinite in number are the avenues by which God's inspiration comes to human beings. A father's love for his child may be God's instrumentality for converting that father, not once, but a thousand times over—that is, from a thousand selfish feelings, base impulses, degrading habits and thoughts. A tear of sorrow in the eye of a mother may do more to reclaim a wayward son than all the revivals. So many-sided a thing is conversion when we come rightly to understand that great word! So varied are the new births of the human soul. So wonderful are the operations of the Divine Spirit, by which all the members of the soul's higher life are planted, and watered and sunned, and brought forward to their blossoming and fruitage.

Aftermath of a Tragedy.

The souvenir-hunting Yankee sometimes takes a fancy to queer things and pays well for them. The editor of "Truth" comments thus upon the latest development of the souvenir craze:

"At last. The Government of Serbia will not let the American who wanted to buy the furniture of King Alexander's and Queen Draga's bed and wardrobe rooms at the Belgrade Konak have them. He offered successively 300,000 fr., 400,000 fr., and went up to 500,000 fr. King Peter and his Ministers think it would never do to let them be taken over the States, and then possibly over Europe, as a show. This is the first time they have evinced a sense of the shame attached to the midnight enterprise which raised Peter to the throne, and Maschin and the Ministers to their present grand situations. But as Queen Nathalie inherits all her son's fortune, those who slaughtered him and Draga cannot prevent her bringing Alexander's personal goods and chattels to the hammer. Should the American persevere in his bid of 500,000 fr., he will place the Government at Belgrade in an awkward position. They are, as everyone knows, desperately hard up. As Nathalie is on the best terms with the court of Russia, Peter will hardly treat her lawyer cavalierly, and if the furniture be bought in by the Government the Queen Dowager will come down on it for payment. Peter doubtless wants it to be destroyed. This is of a piece with 'A little water clears us of the deed' of Lady Macbeth."

The Lap of Penury.

Briggs—If you want to see misery you should pass a Christmas in the slums. Griggs—That's nothing. I once passed a Christmas with some fellows employed by Russell Sage.—The "Cynic."

About Tibet.

Now that Tibet is likely to figure prominently in our Empire history, readers will like to have their attention directed to the extraordinary adventure among that exclusive people of a Japanese priest. The account of his journey and eighteen months' residence there has been translated by the Hong Kong "Telegraph" from the original articles contributed to Japanese newspapers. The priest got safely to Sera, where he intended to graduate at the native university; but his nationality being discovered after a stay of a year and a half, he had to flee for his life. He was enabled to preserve his disguise so long because of his knowledge of Chinese and the religion of Buddha. It is a wonderful country and a strange people that he describes. Think of a tract of land where hot springs abound round which the deposits are of such rainbow tints as blue, purple, green, red and yellow. It is easy to imagine that the landscape effects of such coloring are wondrous. The social customs of the people are scarcely less astounding. Polygamy is common where the men are rich enough, for wives seem to be a question of wealth. When poverty compels them several men will have one wife in com-

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mon. Brothers usually enter into those strange partnerships. The people rarely wash, finding it warmer to be dirty. The men anoint their faces with butter, while the women stain their countenances mahogany color with wood chips and laquer the bridges of their noses jet black. Cleanliness is an unesteemed practice; and altogether one feels in reading the account that the Japanese priest must have been thankful to have been discovered and forced to quit a life which is better to read about than to experience.

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The regular payment price of this style of piano is four hundred dollars, from which price we make a discount for cash of twenty per cent., making a net price of THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOLLARS. We now offer you the opportunity to secure one of these pianos at this favorable price (\$320)

By Paying Fifteen Dollars Cash

We will then deliver the piano at whatever time you appoint, so that the piano may be included among the Christmas Gifts, and while you are paying the balance in easy payments of SEVEN DOLLARS PER MONTH the recipient has the pleasure of its possession and use, without its costing any more than if you paid spot cash, except a small amount of interest on unpaid balances.

—Think it over—how easy it is by this plan, to secure a genuinely artistic piano at an outlay so arranged as to be hardly noticeable; or better—still, come in, examine the piano and talk it over with us.

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Size chest 19x9x7; 16 tools. \$3.00 each.

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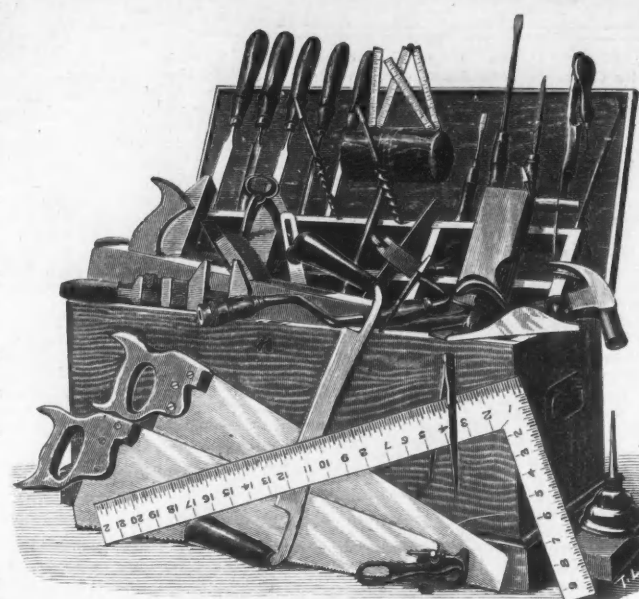
No. 3—
Size chest 26x12x12; 36 tools. \$7.50 each.

No. 4—
Size chest 26x12x12; 41 tools. \$10.00 each.

No. 5—
Size chest 33x16x16; 52 tools. \$15.00 each.

No. 7—
Size chest, 33x16x16; 60 (best) tools. \$25.00 each.

Write for Catalogue



No. 6—TOOL-BOX COMPLETE, \$20.00

Size 33x16x16: 58 tools.

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No. 1—
Size 30 inch x 4 feet 6 inch; 32 inches high; hard wood frame, maple top, with front and tail vise and holes for stops. Each, \$9.00.

No. 2—
2 feet 6 inches wide, 7 feet long x 2 feet 10 inches high; hard wood frame, maple top, with front and tail vise and holes for top. Each, \$17.25.

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New Rogers No. 1. \$4.75 each.

GOODELL LATHE AND SAW—
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FINE FURS

SEVERAL of Christmas presents that are as useful as they are handsome, there is nothing more suitable than a gift of a nice FUR. Our sterling values in Fine Furs are fast being selected for Xmas gifts, but we still have a splendid assortment left in...

Mink, Red Fox, Sable, Grey Squirrel, Thibet, Stone Marten and Grey Lamb.

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NEVER before have we been so busy in our waist department as now. Especially is this so regarding our ordered waists.

Our dainty waist novelties are becoming very popular and no wonder—for they are perfect gems of grace and beauty, combined with studied economy. Better leave your order early to insure no delay. Beauties at 5.00, 6.00, 7.50.

A FEW CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

Dainty Handkerchiefs, 12½, 15, 25, 35, 50
Beautiful Hand-Made Collars, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50
Pretty little Fancy Baskets, 50, 75, 1.00, 1.25

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Our No. 1668 Crown Brooch. Price \$100.00.

In the above design, composed of Diamonds and Pearls, there are 39 of the former and five of the latter named jewels of special high-grade quality and evenly matched. Its price is also an attractive feature, our endeavor always being to encourage the patronage of our diamond selections with that full confidence of deserving merit. We have other "Crown" designs whose quality and price—although somewhat less in cost—will likely claim the same mark of your approval for value.

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To admirers of Snake Ring style this one needs but little to introduce it as a favorite. Made of 14k Gold with Diamond eyes and a Ruby set in the head, it makes a most fashionable and distinguished Gem's Ring. We show many other designs. This one is a general favorite.

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Our No. 2674 Design. Price \$22.50.
The above can be worn as a Pendant or Brooch and is composed of fine selected Pearls, with 8 Rubies and a whole Pearl in the center. We mention it on account of its rare value. The same design composed of 9 diamonds we sell for \$58.00. A very low price for so choice an article.

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144 Yonge Street
...Toronto

Social and Personal.

One can measure the growth of luxury in a city by many standards, but a sure one is to be remarked in Toronto this season in the wealth of lovely flowers used at every reception and banquet and dance. It used to be that when a house was decorated all through with flowers people talked of it for weeks, but lately the exception is when the florist has not done his beautiful best. And not so

The Bank of Ottawa

Statement at close of business, November 30th, 1903
(CONDENSED)

RESOURCES

Cash, Bank Balances, Dominion Government, Municipal, and other Stocks and Bonds	\$ 5,882,915.03
Call Loans on Stocks and Bonds	1,423,037.09
Loans and Bills Discounted	13,759,803.70
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for)	59,909.97
Real Estate and Mortgages	32,686.63
Bank Premises	300,418.56
	<u>\$21,458,770.98</u>

LIABILITIES

Deposits	\$13,926,367.50
Notes in Circulation	2,416,731.00
Dividends Unpaid	110,952.82
Balances due other Banks	12,444.88
	<u>16,466,496.20</u>
Capital (paid up)	2,471,310.00
Rest and Undivided Profits	2,455,522.78
Interest Reserved on Deposits and Rebate on Current Discounts	65,442.00
	<u>\$21,458,770.98</u>

THIS BANK HAS—27 Offices in Ontario—8 in Quebec—4 in Manitoba—2 in North-West Territories.

It invites the accounts of incorporated firms and individuals, and is prepared to grant the best terms consistent with conservative banking.

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H. N. Bate. Hon. Geo. Bryson, M.L.C., Que. H. K. Egan.
J. B. Fraser, John Mather, Denis Murphy, M.L.A. George H. Perley
GEORGE BURN General Manager.

Savings Bank Department..

Deposits of \$1 upwards received and interest at current rates allowed.

TORONTO BRANCH

King Edward Hotel Building
Corner King and Victoria Streets

FRANCIS COLE, Manager.

long ago the display of exquisite flowers in a certain very handsome drawing-room in St. George street was almost unique in quality and quantity, but I have seen some closely rivaling it recently. Perhaps it will, however, be some time before as perfect a Flora will sit among the flowers as has queneed it in that aforesaid salon. At the teas on Saturday heaps of flowers were distributed about the rooms, and I heard a jolly bachelor say that he had never seen a prettier lot of girls than the fair attendants, who in vain coaxed him to spoil his appetite.

A very chic and delightful tea was given by Mrs. Kingston at her residence

in Jarvis street last Saturday. Mrs. Fred and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Strathy, Miss Queenie Strathy, Miss Mary Hagarty and the Misses Dalton assisted in the drawing-room and tea-room.

Northfield was en fete on Saturday for the debut of Miss Hazel Ford, a very charming girl who resides with her grandmother at the family home of the Rutherfords and whom Mrs. Rutherford presented to her friends at her tea. The hostess looked very well and wore a rich black velvet gown with soft folds of lace and chiffon, an ideal old lady's gown. The debutante was in a dainty white gown, and was greeted by the best

wishes of all for a happy winter, which she is sure to have. Miss Rutherford and her sister were very capable and delightful assistant hostesses, and the affair was most enjoyable. Mrs. Rutherford received on Monday, and will not be at home again until January 4. A couple of popular new men at Northfield were Mr. Belden, lately from South Africa, and Mr. Lewis, Mrs. Winn, Mr. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James Grace, Mr. and the Misses Arnoldi, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Cattanaeh, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. David Alexander, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, Dr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Worthington, Mrs. Harman, Mr. D. Harman, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Bruce MacDonald, Major and Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Mossom Boyd and the Misses Heward, Mrs. Jack MacKellar and the Misses MacKellar, Mrs. Rolph, Mrs. Loudon, Mr. Fraser MacDonald, Mr. Victor Heron, Mr. Galt Kingsmill, Mr. Rolph, Mr. Eddie Rutherford of Detroit, were among those who enjoyed Mrs. Rutherford's tea for the presentation of her granddaughter.

A carefully arranged and well carried out programme of dances, marches and tableaux, etc., was presented by the talented pupils of the Misses Sternberg to a large and appreciative audience who assembled at St. George's Hall last Friday afternoon to witness the progress made in this branch of work during the past term. This "matinee danseante" is the first of a series to be inaugurated by the Misses Sternberg, of which announcement will be made later. During the afternoon little Miss Mary MacKidd delighted those present by her artistic and cultured singing, gracefully responding to a well deserved encore.

The Enemy at Our Gates.

Our most persistent foe, Influenza (also La Grippe) has again commenced active hostilities—opened his winter campaign, so to speak—and it behooves us to repair our defences and prepare to resist attack. For this purpose the most



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CHINA and GLASS



William Junor

88 WEST KING STREET, TORONTO

effective agent is FERROL, which builds up and fortifies the system so that germs have but little chance of effecting an entrance.

For those who have been unfortunate

enough to contract this insidious disease FERROL is especially recommended as by far the best remedy for overcoming the after-effects and restoring a healthy and normal condition.

My First Christmas in Manitoba.

By E. M. PELOW.

It was not a pioneer Christmas; not like those spent by the early settlers who went into the country in ox-carts, or down the Red by boat. We had all the luxury of the C.P.R. sleepers and dining cars, for it was as late as '92 that I spent my first Yuletide there. I was living in Winnipeg and boarding in the coldest house it was ever my fortune to live in—a double house of the mansard-roof style, familiar to every old Winnipegger, where, after a storm, the snow lay in little drifts on the window-sills and the frost sparkled on the outside walls and ceilings like resplendent diamonds. But diamonds would be cold and cheerless things to look at with the thermometer at forty below. However, it was not in Winnipeg that I spent that first Christmas. It was with friends in a little town or village off the main line of the C.P.R.

That trip was my first west of Winnipeg, and consequently my first over Manitoba proper, and the chief impression I formed of the country was that a paint famine possessed the land. Shacks or well-built houses, barns, stores, churches—pretty much all buildings alike—were unpainted, and were in various "wood-shades" according to their age. That was in '92, remember. At the junction where we changed cars the usual crowd lounged around and over the stove in the waiting-room, and no one stood on ceremony about piling in more logs if the fire abated. When the branch train pulled up to the platform we naturally looked for the passenger car, but in vain. At the end of a long line of "freights" stood a red-painted caboose, upon which the passengers were mounting. Inside, at the front end of the car, was the usual big box-stove, heaped full, the fire blazing merrily; and along the sides were seats or benches—more like ledges—covered with shiny black leather cushions, so slippery that they were calculated at the sharp curves to shoot you with precision into the arms of the passenger opposite. If you stood beside the fire you slowly cooked; if you moved three feet away your feet froze; so it was a choice of evils. But at the rate of about ten miles an hour we journeyed on, and finally reached our station.

"Steve" was waiting for us. Steve was a teamster; he weighed about two hundred pounds, all bone and sinew, and he was Western to the marrow. He told me he went "to the shanties" (i. e., into the lumber camps) at ten years of age, but he confided to me the singular fact that he never could learn to smoke.

"Tried it often, but it made me so blamed sick I had to quit. Funny I never could learn to smoke," he ruminated, as he touched up the horses, which had been loafing along the trail for a bit, "but you bet, I more'n made up for it by chewin'!" and then he considered this phase of the question for a few minutes and remarked:

"And mebbe you think that's bad?" Of course, I assured him that I had no objection whatever to smoking, and discreetly kept my opinion of "chewin'" a private one.

"I'd fur rather see m' horses comfortable than bother about m'self," he continued. "Drivin' over the prairie at night, if I can get stabbin' fur the team, I can bunk anywhere."

And this was so. There is something fine about this care of their horses in men to whom we would scarcely look for the gentler virtues. A man who does not know how to care for his horse, or, knowing, does not concern himself with his animal's welfare before his own comfort, gets scant sympathy from such as Steve, whether he be parson, priest, or layman. The twenty-mile drive, enlivened by Steve's conversation, passed rapidly, and we reached the village in about three hours and were received with all the warmth of a Western welcome. My friends had only recently moved to the place and were boarding at a temperance hotel. Most of the guests were young Englishmen—"remittance men"—gentlemanly fellows—at least, while sober—mostly well educated, first-class sports, but not adepts in the useful art of making a living.

They had arranged a dance that first night, and on the bare, painted floors of the dining-room we waltzed and jereyed and polka'd until the Christmas morn was some hours old.

Shall I ever forget my first waltz with an Englishman? He was a good-looking chap, fair and muscular, and dancing was a serious business to him while he was at it. If he had put a tenth of the vim into an earning proposition that he put into that waltz, he would have made his "pile." But after one or two "turns" I felt, to put it mildly, "uncertain." We whirled and whirled so madly, to the wheezy strains of a parlor organ manipulated by a young fellow filled with Western go and swift-ness, that I couldn't get a breath to beg him to stop. He never slackened, but round and round he whirled me until all the room was revolving like a huge whirlpool, and I could do nothing but await the inevitable moment when he must stop—and the room with him.

It came. And he stopped! But nothing else did. The room and I still spun round, and only a friendly sofa and his muscular arm prevented me from collapsing in the center of the vortex. He couldn't understand it. It was his first dance with a Canadian, and the international differences had to be explained. He simply couldn't reverse, and saw no occasion for it, and the remarkable effect upon me of his circular method fairly staggered him.

The Christmas day itself was beautiful. The thermometer registered twenty degrees below zero, but no thought of the thermometer, it was so gloriously bright and clear. A drive gave us appetite for the one o'clock dinner of turkey and English plum-pudding, and the afternoon skate on the pond exhilarated us as only a prairie air can do. In the evening, after "supper," we were settling down to a quiet game of cards, when two young men were announced. There was a party in town and the hostess had learned that we were staying at the hotel. She had never seen us, but this party would be better balanced with more of the feminine element, and she thought we might enjoy a dance. She was acquainted with our friends,

but they were elderly people, who would not care to venture out in the cold night, so she sent a note by two of her guests, with instructions to bring us back "just as we were." We accepted the invitation in the spirit in which it was given, and went. And what a time we had! Twenty of us danced in a room barely big enough for one set of lancers, but if it was crowded, everyone was good-natured and happy. And Junior was there! How I wish I could introduce you to Junior. His nickname apparently was derived from the not uncommon circumstance that he had an older brother, and it simplified matters merely to dub him "Junior." He had left home when he was perhaps eighteen, and his evening clothes had been made for him before that time, in England. The change of climate had apparently started him growing again, and when I met him he was over six feet high, and as lanky and loose-jointed as it is possible for a young chap to be. The trousers of his dress suit scarcely reached his ankles, and were of a rather wide cut, so that, hanging loosely at that altitude, they reminded one for all the world of the nether garments one sometimes sees on a scarecrow in a cornfield. There was quite an inch of gay sock visible between the trouser leg and his patent leather shoes. The shoes were irreproachable, but they had especially wide laces, which Junior tied in the most engaging little bow on each instep. He had outgrown the coat, also, and the first glance suggested "elbow" sleeves. Poor chap! he was a kindly fellow, but without one ray of humor in his make-up, and he took the situation so seriously that it made it the more ludicrous. He continually bent over and tried to hold his arms back, in a vain attempt to make ends meet; and his look of apologetic misery mutely begged us to understand that he really wouldn't have outgrown his clothes if he could have helped it.

Junior asked me to dance the old-fashioned "Bon-ton" with its minuet step, and to see him put out each foot, with its dainty bow and leglet hanging

round, was enough to try the gravity and politeness of the Lady from Philadelphia. He probably had nothing else to wear. He had outgrown the other clothes brought from England quite as completely as those he wore, and he had purchased nothing in this country but overalls. There wasn't a tailor, or a stock of anything ready-made which would fit him, within thirty miles, and it was quite possible that he hadn't the price if there had been.

Between dances we ate "pail" candy, and rejoiced when we found a particularly apt conversation lozenge with which to enhance our own conversational efforts. It was one of the jolliest parties I ever attended, and everyone seemed to have a good time. After all, conditions do not make us happy, and the man who succeeds and enjoys life in a pioneer community is one who can adapt himself and extract pleasure from any surroundings. We were truly sorry when we said good-bye to our kind hostess, and realized with regret that the very last minute of that Christmas day had gone.

"Good night, good night, and a Happy New Year!" we wished them all as we left; and the succeeding years have been kind and prosperous ones to most of those gathered there.

Manitoba is rapidly being fenced, the houses now are painted, the old pioneer days are nearly past, and with them the unceremonious ways of the old-timers; but it is only a surface change, and inside the painted houses the hearts are just as kind and the good times just as hearty as when the trails ran through the wheat fields and we traveled in the old caboose.

In The Good Old Days.

JUST what it was all about, that novel of Charles Kingsley's named "Yeast," I have forgotten, much as I enjoyed it years ago when it was a leading book of the hour. I doubt if a clear remembrance of its contents could give to me now one-half the pleasure I find in its title alone.

"Yeast," I catch the malty smell—wafted down fifty years and more. Again I see the sign "Yeast" over the low, recessed brewery door; it is "right after school" of a Friday afternoon, and I, the parson's little girl, in white, stiffly starched pantalettes, am setting forth with the children of the neighborhood on the weekly trip to the brewery for yeast

—a little tin pail in my hand in which a copper cent is rattling. I join the race across the long bridge with a troop of boys and girls. That was the day when brewers' yeast was greatly preferred to salt rizin, or pertater m'tins, by many housekeepers, even those who had rigid views upon the temperance question—seldom permitting those views to militate against the Saturday's baking, providing that the yeast was retailed where a bar was not in evidence.

Unlike the most of the regular tasks of a properly trained, useful child of fifty years ago—when the boy Ralph Waldo, like many of his class, filled the kitchen wood-box, set the table, and scoured the steel knives and forks daily—going for yeast to a brewery had an abiding charm for children who, but for the weekly errand, might never have entered the locality where the brewery was located—a new world to many of us, with delightful phases of comradery—for that little tin pail was a social leveler—a marvelous promoter of the democratic idea. The old stone brewery, high up above a deep ravine, actualized my idea of a giant's castle. That beyond the vaultlike room in the cellar, where a big man in a white apron filled our pails with a long-handled ladle from great jars, and mopped up the counter and scooped in our coppers with impressive dignity, dungeons could be found, I never doubted.

The sawdust on the floor, the grimy window barred with heavy cobwebs, was fascinatingly associated with certain story-books I had been forbidden to read—"Romance of the Forest," and the like. When the hot rolls came in on a Sunday morning I had it all over again, but saying nothing about it, of course—the mist from the cataract, the roar of the falling water, the smell of malt—had not seen the yeast of those rolls foaming round in the eddies of the swift current. It was the rule to lift your pail cover and take a sniff. Strange that what smelled so good was so disappointing to taste, for taste we did, once at least, satisfied to sniff ever after.

There could be no loitering on the way home, else the mysterious byways leading off the main thoroughfare had been explored; but it was something to see, through the cracks in the sidewalk and fearfully close to our feet, the madly rushing waters of raceways—to hear the hum of machinery—to watch for one thrilling moment a gigantic wheel that came up creaking and dripping from a

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black abyss to plunge headlong into blackness again. I had only to make myself believe, as I easily could, that it was alive, that suffering wheel, to experience the sensation that was the supreme culmination of the enjoyment of the trip. "No yeast to-day," was sometimes hung out by the brewery door. My friend who writes poems of a fair sort, and who used to carry a yeast pail, says that she would give something for that old signboard to hang up in her workshop at times.

"Now, Johnny," my grandson hears often, "run to the grocery, quick, please, and bring a cake of compressed yeast." How can I help feeling sorry for Johnny? So much has been "compressed" out of his experience. General Crook, I remember, could not explain just why a hostile Apache suited him better in a blanket than in store clothes; nor why an old warrior of Geronimo's hostiles who used an ear-trumpet offended his ideas concerning the fitness of things—as did papooses with nursing bottles and medicine-men smoking cigarettes. Verily, the compressed yeast of utility has made short work of much of the old leaven of romance.

Our Country.

Politics

WHO was the United States Government founded by? Mark Hanna, John D. Rockefeller and Tom Platt.

What is it called? A Republic by some—by others, a political syndicate.

Who is at its head? The President.

What are the duties of the President? To send messages to Congress, ride horseback and hunt bears.

Are there any other branches of the Government? If so, name them.

The Senate, the House of Representatives, the Standard Oil Company and the New York Stock Exchange.

What are the duties of the Senate? To buy and sell stocks, bring on wars when the President hesitates, play poker, and conduct a general brokerage business.

What are the duties of Congress? To double the pension list, fill up the "Congressional Record" and draw salaries.

What are the duties of the Standard Oil Company? Elect the President and declare dividends.

What are the duties of the Stock Exchange? To keep the country stirred up in time of peace, unsettle the business interests all the time, and set an example to every young man.

How often is the President elected, and why? Every four years, to keep the country from getting too prosperous.

Where is the seat of the United States Government? In Oyster Bay, Wall street and Washington.

In the discharge of his onerous duties, has the President anyone to help him? Oh, yes. Several good guides and the Cabinet.

What is the Cabinet? A picked body of the best poker-players in the land.

What are the duties of a Cabinet? Never to resign from their posts except when they are really needed.

In reality, is the United States a monarchy or republic? Both. It's a republic on Sundays, and a monarchy on every other day in the week.

Why is it called the land of the free and the home of the brave? Because it always has a keen appreciation of a good joke.—"Life."

A Good Fiscal Joke.

Sir John Gorst recently visited Halifax, and after luncheon with Mr. J. W. Whitley, the Liberal member for Halifax, walked away with his host's umbrella from the hall-stand instead of his own.

According to the Manchester "Dispatch," Sir John wrote to apologize:

"Dear Mr. Whitley—I regret to say that I rewarded your hospitality by stealing your umbrella and leaving my own behind. Do not trouble to send it by post. When you come up to London we can exchange."

Finding that Sir John had left behind a new silk umbrella and taken a very dilapidated one, Mr. Whitley made a fiscal joke of the affair:

"Dear Sir John—As I find that the value of my imports vastly exceeds that of my exports, I have no inclination to retaliate, and will in this case take it lying down."

A Good Defence.

It is not surprising that "a defence of the woman stenographer, by one of them," is given a conspicuous place in our esteemed contemporary, the New York "Sun." So much has been said in the light and airy persiflage of the press about the flirting and frivolous typewriter that a mistaken idea has been created regarding this hard-working and invaluable attachment of every busy man. The impression is fostered that the young woman stenographer of our times is more or less of a breezy, bleached, blonde creature, who divides the time that belongs to her real duties among various diversions and entertainments which do not properly come to a refined and intelligent woman. In this suggestive situation it is unnecessary to say that the stenographer does not always appear in the most favorable light. Just why license has been taken with a

class of young women who, perhaps more than any other, deserve commendation and praise, we do not understand. The successful stenographer, who is now known as the "secretary" rather than the typewriter of the establishment, wins her way solely by merit, and in many, we might say, all, prominent establishments, success is won by industry, integrity and honesty. Some of the women secretaries in New York hold places of a most confidential character. It is in their power oftentimes to do infinite harm, and yet, in all the annals of betrayals of trust, the conspicuous absence of the private secretary is noticeable. This is the best evidence that a woman can keep a secret, if it is her duty to do so. It is time that the commonplace, and too often contemptible, flings at the woman typewriter should cease. They are no longer amusing; they are not even excusable.—"Leslie's Weekly."

A story is told of the Marquis of Waterford, who was much at the court of George IV., and with whom he had a bet that three days in succession he would drive an equipage in Rotten Row immediately before the King's, when none but royal carriages were allowed. On the third day the driver of the water-cart which was laying the dust before the royal carriage called out a cheery "Good morning, sir. This is the third time I've driven your Majesty!" There had been no stipulation as to the kind of vehicle Lord Waterford was to drive.

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"ALABASTRINE"

A COMPLETE MANICURE

Softens the cuticle, prevents hang-nails, rough finger tips, the nails from cracking; keeps them in perfect condition and does away with the use of the cuticle knife. The cuticle should never be cut, as cutting thickens and promotes the growth. One trial will convince you of the merits of this preparation.

Beecham's Pink Soap-Cuticle Soap for the Bath and Toilet.

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A Superior Skin Food

Are you looking for a reliable cream for the face? Thacker's Creme Veloutee has just been put on the market after two years' private sale. Sold by Burgess-Powell, W. H. Lee, King Edward Drug Store; G. A. Bing-ham.

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Canadian Potted Cheese has a reputation throughout the world as being the best.

That reputation was built by Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese.

It is the original Canadian potted cheese, and has been sold for years in various countries throughout the world.

It has a rich, creamy and delightfully delicious taste, so dear to the palate of the connoisseur.

It is absolutely pure, nutritious and readily digested.

Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese

Established 1889


At the Christmas dinner it will prove to be second only to the turkey and plum pudding.

The selection of cheese for dinner is important, coming as it does near the end of the menu, when something particularly tasty is necessary. Millar's Royal Paragon Canadian Cheese will never disappoint you.

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Exactly whether the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne is observed I cannot say, but this I know—Toronto is Orange. Here England and France hold equal sway, and here every man you meet who is not a civil servant is a Yankee drummer.

Leave behind you Montreal and Quebec, Ottawa and Toronto, and the lesser towns about. Go north from Toronto, straight up the map to where the Canadian Pacific Railway bustling westward forms the never-ending top line of a capital "T."

Go to bed on the couch that has, at a porter's magic touch, sprung into existence from nowhere in particular, and sleep. You will run so easily that you will doubt the man who tells you the number of miles per hour you are traveling. In the morning you will awake and find yourself in Canada. Not the Canada you have been visiting this past three weeks; not the Canada of tall smokestacks belching, bellowing blackness; of broad, straight streets and ten-story stores—but the Canada you have read about, dreamt about; the Canada that your youthful imaginings people with hooked-nosed red men in the whole-sale scalp business. Straight young trees all crimson and gold trembling in their gaudiness; lush grasslands sloping to little white-frothed torrents. Great rugged kopjes with firs atop and a hundred varieties of vegetation softening the harsh outlines of their bases. Hollows and hills and thick, clustering copses. Here a rushing rapid and there a big placid stretch of lake with little wooded isles and tree-grown shores. Your fancy will people the waste as the train flashes westward. Here, by the side of this dancing, darting, whirling, rock-fretted current might well have lived and loved the dusky Minnehaha.

The country is one great flat expanse, patchily wooded and decorously watered—how sedately the streams roll hereabouts! Then, before the flatness becomes monotonous or the wheat-bearing qualities of the black-turned earth can be fully explained by the Yankee drummer in the smoking-room, the train runs through the outskirts of a township, which proves to be a town, which, as solid stone buildings spring across the line of vision and electric tramways pause in their wild flight to let us pass, proves to be the city of Winnipeg, the Chicago of Canada.

Canada is proud of Winnipeg—although not quite so proud as Winnipeg is of itself. There is a mild jealousy between towns in the East. When they wish to be very nasty they speak slightly of the hustling qualities of each other.

"But," says Toronto—"But," says Quebec—"But," says Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London and Windsor—"If you want to see a Real Live Typical Canadian city, a city that will open your eyes and make you Marvel, go to Winnipeg!"

And that is just what Winnipeg is. It is very real. It is very much alive. Except on Sundays, when it atones in fitful silence for its youthful indiscretions—and it is very typical of this young nation of Canada. It is the new Canada, the Canada of to-morrow.

Montreal and Wolfe, Quebec and the Heights of Abraham, the historical richness of the East, are things apart. The East stood for civilization; now it stands for settled orderliness. Not that the West is any the less law-abiding than the East. But it is so boundless, so vast, so illimitable, so wondrously potential that the older provinces of the Dominion, cramped by routine, narrowed by invariable system, and made small in Western eyes by the knowledge of their limitations, are regarded as but appendages to the West. And Winnipeg is the key of the West, the heart of it, the barometer of its prosperity.

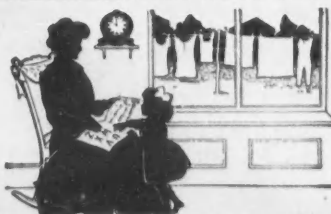
In Winnipeg you get no chance of showering encomiums on the city. The baggage man who takes your traps from the depot gives you a précis of the history of Winnipeg, the elevator-boy contrives between the first and the fourth floors to inculcate a knowledge of the relative importance of Winnipeg and the rest of Canada. The chambermaid, depositing clean towels in your room, lingers at the door to deliver a disquisition on the Rise and Growth of Winnipeg, with some Remarks on its Remarkable Future. The polite clerk who registers you, the imposing barber who removes the three-day stubble from your chin, the bell-boy who brings you distressing cablegrams from headquarters, all contribute their quota to your education, and the head waiter, as he arranges your serviette before you, leans over the back of your chair and asks in a respectful whisper, "What do you think of Winnipeg?"

EDGAR WALLACE.

Cutting Mr. Whistler's Hair.

Mr. Whistler treated his hair as a bit of decoration. Many a time have I been with him to his hairdresser's in Regent street, and very serious and important was the dressing of the master's head.

Customers ceased to be interested in their own heads, operators stopped their manipulations—everyone turned to watch Whistler having his hair dressed. The process was roughly this. The hair was trimmed, but left rather long. Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the at-



The satisfaction of having the washing done early in the day, and well done, belongs to every user of Sunlight Soap.

tendant in the glass. And the poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated his scissors.

The clipping once completed, Whistler would wave the operator imperiously on one side and we watched for a while the back view of this dapper little figure surveying himself in the glass, stepping now backwards, now forwards. Suddenly, to the intense surprise of the bystanders, he would dive his head into a basin of water and half dry his hair, shaking it into matted wet curls. Then with a comb he would carefully pick out the white lock, a tuft of white hair just above his forehead, wrap it in a towel, and walk about the room for from five to ten minutes, pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his eyes.

This stage of the process caused great amusement at the hairdresser's. Still pinching the towel, Whistler would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (to have combed it would not have given the right quality), until it fell in decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air—Whistler wanted a comb! This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume, and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say two words—"Menpes, amazing!"—and sail triumphantly out of the shop. Once he got into a four-wheeler, put his head out, the hat just touched the window and disarranged his hair. Whistler stopped the cab, got out, re-entered hairdresser's, and the whole thing da capo.—Mr. Mortimer Menpes in the "Cornhill Magazine."

The Popular Girl.

WHAT is the secret of some women's popularity with men? It is not good looks; it is not dress; it is not money. You see many a girl with all these excellent qualities in abundance sedulously avoided by men; while other girls, not specially endowed in these ways, have a constant stream of men in their wake.

Dorothy Dix, who knows something of human nature, and specially of female human nature, maintains that a girl's popularity with men is not a matter of chance; it is the direct result of a thorough and scientific knowledge of how to "jolly" a man along, and in it, as in everything else, success is the reward of the cheerful worker.

Man is not vain, but, she says, he likes to be appreciated, and the girl whose bump of appreciation is the largest gets the violets and the candy. Man scorns flattery, but he just naturally gravitates toward the place where the particular brand of hot air he prefers is wafted to him, and great is the reward of the girl who knows how to pull the pump.

The general plan of campaign of the girl who wishes to be popular is very simple. It consists in making every man who comes about her feel that he is the favored one, and that until that hour she had never fully realized what powers of fascination a man really possessed. If she is bored she never shows it. If she has preferences she never displays them in public. No matter how clumsy the dancer, she looks as if she were having the time of her life; no matter how long and tedious the story, she begs for more at its end.

It is in the application of this principle that it pays to burn incense at a man's feet, however, that the "jolly" shows her art. She uses the nicest discrimination in selecting the particular "jolly" that will please. She would never, for instance, be guilty of the blunder of calling a callow college fledgling by his Christian name, or treating him like a younger brother. On the contrary, she is careful to address him as "Mr.," and she asks his advice regarding matters of manners and morals, "because," as she sweetly says, "you men of the world, who have seen so much of life, can judge so much better than we poor, weak women," and the young cub worships at her shrine while he reflects how much more intelligent she is than that odious Smith girl, who seems to think he is a mere schoolboy.

Should fate, on the other hand, throw into the "jolly" path Grandpapa instead of little Willie, she is apparently oblivious of the years that lie between them, and scolds him for a naughty boy, and threatens to stand him up in the corner if he doesn't learn his lesson, and remember that it is ch-o-o-l-a-t-e-s, and not marshmallows that she likes.

When the popular girl goes out with a man she never takes the lead. Nature may, unfortunately, have made her fiercer and stronger than her escort, but the smaller he is the more she clings to him, and the more helplessly she looks around her.

"Do you know," she says, "I always like to go out with you, because I always feel so safe, just as if nothing could happen to me. You have such a commanding air that people just make way for you."

And the little man swells out his chest and feels about seven feet high, and asks her on the spot if she wouldn't like to go to a few of the first nights at the theater.—"Waverley Magazine."

Growing the Sacred Lily.

The so-called Chinese lily, or Chinese Sacred Lily—a variety of the polyanthus narcissus—is one of the best bulbs for home school use.

It can be grown so easily and successfully in water, that it is better to adopt this method rather than to plant it in earth. The very fact of its growing in water makes it more interesting, and renders it especially useful for a nature-study lesson on the storage of plant-food in thickened bulbs. Get a large bulb as you can and put one or two in a good-sized wide bowl—if of a Japanese pattern so much the better—which has been about two-thirds filled with rather large pebbles. Set the bulb on top of the pebbles, then nearly fill the bowl with water, and set the jar away in a cool, dark place—the cellar, for example—for four or five weeks, pouring more water every few days to supply the loss from evaporation. At the end of this period the roots will be well started, and the green leaves will begin to show. The jar may now be brought into the light of a room, where it will develop rapidly, and a few weeks later will produce beautiful masses of bloom. People growing these bulbs are sometimes disappointed on account of the failure of the blossoms to develop fully. This is

usually because the plant has been forced too rapidly; be sure to start it slowly as recommended above.—The "House Beautiful."

London's New Fad.

There is in London a growing demand for all things Russian.

Russian cooking is being talked of as something more recherche than Parisian, more delicate than Viennese. To ask a hostess whether her chef be a Russian is to convey to her the most up-to-date compliment there can be, a tribute to her cleverness as a smart housewife. Even at teatime this Russian influence is present. Expensive Russian tea is served in glasses cashed in silver, with silver handles, and no milk or cream is permitted to mask its delicate flavor, though a slice of lemon may be added to emphasize it.

Just lately there has been in London a jeweler from Russia who has been selling to the wealthiest and the smartest folk of the metropolis the most exquisite enamels this country has ever seen. Such cigarette-holders and cases, umbrella handles, knitting-pins, crochet-hooks and what not else, brilliant with enamel, and blazing, too, with jewels. Baby-like they are, these wonderful people, and very much do they adore what may well be called toys for grown-ups. The Russian jeweler whose wares I saw sold innumerable toys for grown-ups. One was a wee crystal vase, three parts full of crystal water, in which was stuck a nosegay carved out of colored stones and gems.—The "County Gentleman."

Colonial Women's Order.

A Canadian lady now in London writes to a friend in Ottawa: "The executive of the Victoria League seems much taken with Dr. Morgan's scheme for the institution of a royal decoration of honor for colonial women, and there is not the slightest doubt that in time it will be accomplished. Already many names are mentioned in connection with the membership of the proposed order, including those of the Princess Louise (always Canada's devoted friend), the Dowager Marchioness of Dufferin, and her Canadian daughter, the Baroness Plunket, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Aberdeen, the Dowager Countess of Erroll, Lady Elgin, Lady Northcote, the Countess of Minto, Lady Macdonald, Lady Strathcona, Lady Laurier, Lady Lafontaine, Lady Tupper, Lady Tilley, Mrs. Herbert Chamberlain, Lady Kirkpatrick, Madame Albani, Madame Dandurand, Lady Hingston, Lady Drummond of Montreal, Mrs. Massey-Treble, etc."

More Than a Nap.

Gesine Meyer, an inhabitant of the village of Grambke, who has been asleep for seventeen years, was aroused one day by the discordant sound of the alarm-bells ringing in consequence of an outbreak of fire. The woman, who is now forty-three years of age, went to sleep on December 17, 1886, and from that date has slept without interruption. During this period she has been fed by artificial means. She is in a perfectly normal condition in mind and body, and presents a healthy appearance. She remembers perfectly incidents which took place seventeen years ago. Three years before this last period of long sleep Gesine had already slept for a period of a year.

Decidedly Tight.

Not long ago a man with a reputation for tightfistedness engaged a professional ratcatcher to undertake the task of ridding his warehouse cellars of the troublesome rodents that infested them. The work done, the ratcatcher presented his bill, which came to a couple of pounds. "Good gracious!" exclaimed the tightfisted one, as he glanced at the bill. "Two pounds!" Then, after a second's pause, he anxiously asked: "Don't I get anything for the rats?"

Master—And what happened to Achilles in his infancy?

Boy—His mother dipped him in the River Styx, and he became intolentable.

A Rapid Rise.

The Duke of Fife holds a record. He is the only man who has ever been known to change his rank while he ate his breakfast. After the marriage ceremony had been celebrated in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace, on the morning of July 27, 1889, he led his royal bride into the dining-room, where the wedding breakfast was laid, as an earl. When the meal was half over, the late Queen, in raising her glass to the toast of the young couple, conferred a duke-

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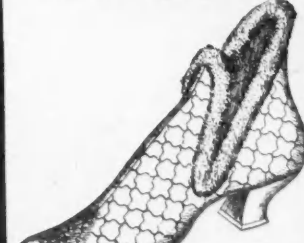
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Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend for the six months ending Dec. 31st, 1903, at the rate of five per cent. per annum, has this day been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Company ON AND AFTER JANUARY 1st, 1904.

The Transfer Books will be closed from Dec. 21st to Dec. 31st, both days inclusive.
T. P. O'KEEFE, Mgr. & Secy.
Toronto, Dec. 1st, 1903.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Vol. 17 TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 19, 1903. No. 6

DRAMA

NOT often does a Toronto audience get the chance of proving itself both loyal and discerning. But the appearance of Miss Anglin and Mr. Miller at the Princess Theater during the first part of the week gave their friends an opportunity to display their interest, and the critics occasion to be both honest and laudatory. The play, "Cynthia," by Mr. H. H. Davies, is fairly named, for Cynthia is nearly the whole comedy. She is almost a fool, and altogether charming. She is an "American" girl who is married to a young Englishman and, marvelous to relate, the wife, in spite of her belonging to "the Land of the Dollar," does not seem to know anything about the value of money. She is wildly extravagant, borrows secretly from a Hebrew who charges only fifty per cent. interest, and, after the crash comes, she develops a latent domesticity and economy that are as delightful as they are unexpected. Of course everything ends gloriously, the dear old "Dad" suddenly melting at the last and coming in to utter the conventional "bless you—here is my cheque book," or words to that effect, thus saving the young man from a trip to the West Coast of Africa, an expedition that would probably cut short a promising career and turn Cynthia into a mourner. The young wife is most winsome piece of feminine folly and Miss Anglin succeeds to perfection in making us laugh with (not "at") the adorable young spendthrift who makes ducks and drakes of her husband's fortune and then settles down with him in Lambeth lodgings to make their desert blossom like the rose. To act the part of so foolish yet so lovable a woman requires art as light and delicate as thistledown. But our Canadian "Margaret" possesses such a gift and never came down the snowflakes on Canadian hills more softly and daintily than fell the bits of brilliant folly from the lips of Cynthia as Miss Anglin spoke the part. Artless epigram such as, "You see I'm sometimes more dressed when I'm dressing than when I'm dressed," betrays the social "savoir faire" of the writer of "Cynthia." The great charm of Miss Anglin's art is its naturalness. The tricks of the second-rate actress, the trills and thrills of the lady who does "meller-drama" were entirely lacking, and the audience found itself quite at home with Cynthia, whether she reclined bewitchingly in her pink dressing-room, confronted the state Hebrew in the hall and nervously demanded "more," or sipped butterless toast in dreary Lambeth lodgings. It would have been so easy to make Cynthia either a bore or a fool. Kipling says in one of his delightful Mrs. Hawksbee yarns, "Any woman can manage a clever man, but it takes a very clever woman to manage a fool." It took infinite skill and dramatic tact to play successfully a part so dangerously frivolous as that of the little "American" wife; a much more serious part might not have made such demands on individual resource. The audience fully appreciated Miss Anglin's art and the charming personality behind it, and applauded the young Canadian until she appeared for the fifth time bowing and kissing her acknowledgments to the friendly enthusiasts. The prophet may have a hard time in his own country—however, prophets are a poor lot who are usually foretelling something creepy—but Margaret Anglin may always count on both receipts and appreciation when she comes unto her own city—for Toronto, in spite of her New Brunswick birth, claims, with characteristic modesty, this bright Canadian star as one of our own particular constellations. Mr. Henry Miller as Cynthia's husband played skilfully the part of a meek and long-suffering spouse, whose patience merely threw into relief the whims of the captivating wife. Perhaps he best expressed the situation when he said, "Cynthia herself is the best explanation of what she does." In the curtain-raiser, "Frederic Le Maître," adapted from the French by Clyde Fitch, Mr. Miller created an extremely favorable impression. A young girl comes to the famous actor and declares her wish to go on the stage. He tests her by requiring her to act a part before him—which she does in a fashion so terribly wooden as to rouse the actor to a frenzy of disapproval. Then he "shows her how" in a bit of consummate suggestion and delicacy. But alas! he is in love with the maiden and his acting merely brings back to her thoughts of her faithful Francois, to whom she returns, the actor showering her with rose petals as she leaves him. Dainty in sentiment, with the smile behind the passing despair, is this "morceau" taken from the French, and Mr. Miller plays the great Le Maître with a refinement and restraint that suggest the actors of the best English school.

The plot of "Sweet Clover" at the Grand this week is so simple as to be almost rudimentary. Yet the story as acted is interesting, and the events follow each other in orderly and natural sequence. Miss Edna Robb's work cannot be described otherwise than as excellent. Not once does she fail to rise to the occasion, and in the supreme moment of her struggle as Mrs. Eldridge Grosvenor with her erstwhile lover and would-be betrayer, Albert Slade, her acting is splendid. She brings conviction and sympathy to her part in a marked degree. Miss Robb will undoubtedly yet be heard from as a leading exponent of emotional parts. One has a feeling that even after her severest work there still remains a good deal of reserve force. The part assigned to Mr. Otis B. Thayer probably does not give him full opportunity to display his powers, for his work in the early part of the play is somewhat disappointing, but then interest in the story centers around Miss Robb's part from start to finish. The lighter parts are all well taken, but some of them do not bear any serious relation to the story itself. Miss Clara Tapscott presents a convincing Abigail Holcomb. Mr. Franklyn Hall as Eldridge Grosvenor, successful man of the world and injured husband, is pleasing. Blanche Rinet, J. M. Moss, Elmer Ellsworth, Olive Ruggles and Gladys Wasson all contribute to the interest of the play, though some of their parts are obviously mere padding. Percival G. Lennon makes the Albert Slade part, which is as near to a villain as a discarded and distracted lover not wholly brutal can be made, fairly convincing. Of the story itself there is little but a wholesome sentiment in it. There is no great moral because no great wrong has been actually committed. In print it would be commonplace. As presented on the stage by this company it is interesting, and wins the full sympathy of its audience.

The bill at Shea's this week is a good one, and is greeted by a crowded house every night. There is scarcely a weak



Lawrence D'Orsay and Jane Peyton in "The Breakfast Scene" in the Palm Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. At the Princess Theater next week.

number in the whole list. Ramza and Arno earn their title to "grotesque comedians," but their work is funny and does not last too long. Eleanor Falke got recalls enough to prove her popularity. She is announced as the dainty little singer, which she is. A clever little sketch by Celett Burgess is presented by Homer B. Mason, Guy B. Hubbard, and Marguerite Keeler. Mr. Mason takes the heavy part of burglar, trick pianist, and Cupid with a gun instead of a bow. His piano work is clever and as a burglar and matchmaker he is a real gem. From the time he enters Oliver Heromer's apartments until, with upraised hand (still holding his gun) he feelingly exclaims, "Bless you, me kids; bless you," he keeps his audience thoroughly amused. The Orpheus Comedy Four promised a fifteen minutes' riot and kept their word. Their number is tumultuously funny. Falke and Seamon inject a lot of new gags between blows on various wind instruments, which are really musical. "Mag Haggerty's father" is a natural Irishman. The antique hod-carrier suddenly made rich affords good opportunity for a number of humorous episodes which are well presented by Thomas J. Ryan. The absence of ginger whisks and an ape-face make-up does not detract from the reality of Mr. Ryan's old Irishman, and this character as he presents it would be worthy a place in a much larger field of action. As a contra-tenor R. J. Jose carried the crowd with him. The "Great Avolok," as he is announced, exerted himself to please in some double somersault work from upright poles.

"The Earl of Pawtucket." Augustus Thomas's comedy of New York life which Kirke La Salle will present at the Princess Theater next week, with an extra matinee on Christmas day, has for its theme an English peer, Lord Cardington, and his adventures during his first visit to America. Lord Cardington is led to cross the Atlantic by the knowledge that a beautiful "American" girl, whom he has seen several times in London and on the Continent, is about to sail for New York; but wishing to be unknown for the sake of an effective disappearance, he determines to take another name. An "American" whom he has met at the London clubs, Montgomery Putnam, suggests that the Earl use his name. The Earl accepts his name and comes to New York, stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria, where also the "American" girl and her father are domiciled. It transpires that the "American" girl had been the wife for a brief three months of this Montgomery Putnam, but is now divorced, and when presently the Earl is introduced to her under the name of her former husband the possibility of amusing complications will be readily seen. The Earl's efforts to pass for an "American" in spite of his pronounced English accent and mannerisms, his attempts to convince people of his intimate knowledge of Pawtucket, where he is supposed to have been born, his predicament when vengeful lawyers confront him with a demand for alimony in arrears, of which he knows absolutely nothing, his arrest for having made away both with Montgomery Putnam and Lord Cardington (articles belonging to both gentlemen having been found in his effects), and the final unravelling of the tangled skein, are treated in Mr. Thomas's happiest manner, and as may readily be believed, furnish an unlimited supply of uproarious fun. The action of the play is all in the famous Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. The exact decorations and furnishings have been carefully duplicated in the minutest detail of construction. In the title role Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay has made such a hit that he is now one of the most popular stars in New York, where the play ran to crowded houses all last winter and summer.

Grace George's new play about Peg Woffington is the first that has treated of the life of the actress before her arrival in London. Charles Reade's "Peg Woffington" and Tom Taylor's "Masks and Faces" both introduced the Irish girl after her successes at Covent Garden and her love affair with David Garrick. That, in doing this, they overlooked the most interesting portion of the player's career is shown by the fact that all the biographers have devoted the greater part of their

attention to Peg's days in Dublin. J. Fitzgerald Molloy in particular completely filled the first volume of the two he wrote on the subject with anecdotes concerning the actress's stay in Ireland and her romance in England. Frances Aymar Matthews, choosing this period of Peg's existence, has supplied Miss George with the congenial role of a roguish, saucy Irish girl whose great love awakens her into womanhood. The progress of the evolution of Peg Woffington is said to mark the progress of the play, the first act of which borders on farce, while the second act is comedy, the third act drama, and the fourth act tragedy. This really is the epitome of the life of Peg Woffington. The Toronto engagement is set for New Year's week.

Something new in the way of a vaudeville act will be offered at Shea's Theater next week, when the Vassar Girls appear. This is a novelty which is produced by eight handsome and talented young women. They are instrumentalists, vocalists, and dancers, and their act is one of the leading big novelties of the season. The scenery is different from anything else, and the electrical effects make one of the handsomest stage pictures ever seen in vaudeville. The first appearance of the young women, four of them come out as the wooden wind quartette, playing the flute, oboe, clarionette and bassoon. Second they appear as the Saxophone Sextette; third as the bass double quartette, playing the four trombones and four corbets, and fourth they appear in a gavotte and maypole dance with electric effects. Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne will be seen in a new sketch by Mr. Cressy, entitled "Bill Biffin's Baby." The setting will be one of Mr. Cressy's typical New England scenes, and every line is said to be extremely funny. Of all the acrobatic acts that come to Shea's Theater, the appearance of the Nine Nelsons about Christmas time is always the most eagerly looked for. The Nelson Family have been acrobats for several generations, and they are undoubtedly the best in the world to-day. The Three Keatons, Joe, Myra and Buster, eccentric comedians, are sure to add to the merriment of the programme. Another feature of the bill that will be new to Toronto is George Schindler, the world's greatest harmonica player. He not only plays the popular airs on this mouth instrument, but ventures into the classical music just as successfully. Hoey and Lee, Hebrew comedians, will do a clever talking act. Smirl and Kessner, in a singing and dancing novelty skit, and Ted McKenna with his famous talking dog, together with new pictures in the kinetograph, complete the bill.

Cupid's Bargain Day.

There's the sound of eager voices
And the fluttering of skirts.
While the maiden fair rejoices
And the skating-rink deserts.
Would you know the mighty reason
For this thronging from all parts—
Merchant Cupid advertises—
"Here's a bargain day in hearts."

There are hearts with gold all braided;
There are hearts with fatal hurts;
There are hearts all frayed and faded,
That are quickly sold to flirts.

Soon these hearts are cracked or broken,
Every one possessed a flaw;
Many bitter words are spoken,
Wrathful maidens go to law.
Once again the crowd surprises,
And we hear upon the marts—
"Crafty Cupid advertises,
"Here's a bargain day in hearts!"

CANADIENNE.



ZERO CAMPAIGNING.
Macbeth Borden—Lead on, Macduff;
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Cold, enough!"

New York Letter.

THE THEATERS.

THE present season has been more remarkable for the number of new plays presented than the quality of them. This remark of course has no reference to their popularity. Mr. Frohman, for instance, tells me that of his fourteen new plays, eleven are a popular success. One that did not succeed was the dramatization of "Lady Rose's Daughter" and the production was given short shift. But new plays are still to come, among them Barrie's "Little Mary," now running in London at Wyndham's Theater, and "Glad Of It," by Clyde Fitch, now rehearsing. Later in the season, about February, we are promised Haddon Chambers's play, "The Younger Mrs. Parling," while Virginia Harned is to appear in her husband, Mr. E. H. Sothern's play, "The Light that Lies in Woman's Eyes," a rather sentimental title, to be sure. A new musical play, "My Lady Molly," by Sydney Jones is down for the same time. After the spring Mr. Charles Hawtreys is to appear in a new farce, and for the more serious minded a production of Sardou's "The Sorceress," which I think Bernhardt is now playing in Paris.

The only really notable event of the theatrical season, in addition, of course, to the Irving engagement, and its production of "Dante," has been that of Mr. Sothern in the symbolic play, "The Proud Prince." This play is distinctly of the highest class drama, if, indeed, it does not mark an epoch in the evolution of dramatic literature. The play has since been elaborated into a novel, illustrated by scenes from this production, and is now among the holiday books.

This is the piece that caught the critics napping, some of them calling it melodrama. The author, Mr. J. Huntley McCarthy, calls it a miracle play, for four acts, and the story, as you know, concerns Robert of Sicily, the debauched, the profligate, in whose reign the honor of no woman was safe in all Sicily, and who finally went mad as a result of his excesses, the madness taking the form of supposing himself his own fool. This story has been woven into a purely psychological drama. The supernatural is introduced, and by means of it the transformation to this abject image of the court fool is accomplished, and we are to understand, represents in symbolic form the base and evil side of the kingly character. This mishapen thing is afterward to be restored to its former kingliness and dignity through the purifying, spiritualizing influence of love as revealed in the heart of a mountain maid. Her imagination had already been touched by the king, disguised as a hunter, but his nearer approach and fervent wooing caused her misgiving, and instinctively she flies to the mountains for safety.

The succeeding acts may all be stated in terms of theology. Following self-recognition we have self-abasement leading to humility and on to repentance, contrition, self-sacrifice and atonement. Restoration to the kingly estate and crown follows, and is symbolic now of spiritual triumph, wherein the mountain girl, whose love has redeemed him, shares that throne as queen. "He hath put down the mighty and exalted the humble."

This play will naturally recall "Everyman," the old morality play, but while the psychology is similar, there are many important differences in the dramatic framework. In "Everyman" but few principles are dealt with, and the action develops simply, directly, and in natural sequence, while in this play there are many subordinate principles, making the symbolism at times quite complex. And in presentation, instead of the simple Elizabethan stage without curtain or footlight, we have a sumptuous mounting and every act elaborately staged. One could imagine "Everyman" mounted on some such scale, but Mr. Greet did not yield to the temptation, and the novelty of stage simplicity probably had much to do with its success, certainly with its impressiveness—only a little less, perhaps, than the marvelous characterization of Miss Edith Wynne Mathison, in the title role, which she created.

The production of "The Proud Prince" was a bold venture on Mr. Sothern's part, but the phenomenal success of the piece in this city has proved his good judgment. He has seldom had a better part, and his acting at times is superb, particularly in the contrition scene. Cecilia Loftus, too, as Perpetua, the executioner's daughter and maid of the mountain, is delightful.

The success of such a piece as this is gratifying all round, particularly, however, to those who hold the view of the stage's "mission." Some do not, among them Mr. Charles Hawtreys, whom you will, no doubt, (if you have not already had this pleasure) see later on in an amusing little farce, "The Man from Blankley's." He is the same natural unaffected actor who knows his limitations, and never tries to go beyond them.

We have also had a Shakespearean—God spare the market!—production, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Nat Goodwin as Bottom the weaver. Nat may be a very good exponent of "American" humor, but when it comes to Shakespearean, well, you should see. The mounting was beautifully done, and with plenty of the Mendelssohn music the effect was pretty and "dreamy." One enthusiastic critic said that if Shakespeare were living to-day he would put his piece on in exactly that way. Unfortunately there is no way of contradicting the statement, for this America and this century could not produce a nose of Shakespeare though it travelled never so hard.

"The Light that Failed," which you saw in Toronto, I think, with Mr. Forbes Robertson, unfortunately, had its engagement "cut" here by a couple of weeks. In spite of its poverty of real dramatic situation and its maudlin conclusion to which Kipling only consented, the artistic perfection of the production deserved much better support. Its popularity grew, however, and convinced the really good taste and culture of the city.

David Belasco's charming Oriental piece, "The Darling of the Gods," has also gone on tour after a splendid run of practically two seasons. As a play it has no particular merit, but it provides opportunity for elaborate scenic display, which has never been surpassed even by Mr. Belasco, unless his new production, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which I shall notice again, succeeds in doing so. But then, Mr. Belasco will have nothing short of perfection in every stage detail. He is probably the best stage manager in America, and an artist in the keenest sense of the word. He combines in his own person, playwright, producer, stage manager, theater manager, and owner of one of the prettiest theaters in New York.

True Courage.



Whip—Hi, air! Keep back! The fox may break cover there!
Foreigner—Bah! I fear him not. Your fox!—"Punch."

Spring's phantom knocks on Winter's window-panes;
As Youth's adonon, too, the heart constrains,
Haunting these paths where we were wont to stray
Long years ago, ere all the gold turned grey—
Our youth has perished, yet Youth's ghost remains
In Surrey lanes.

The Snow-White Bed.

Translated from the French of J. Lemaire by M. H. D.

"SUZON, please tell me how beautiful it all is at mid-night mass. Once more, please!"

It was Christmas eve. Pierrot's parents had just come in from work in the fields. The mother was milking the cows, the father putting away his tools in the shed, and little Pierrot sat on his little bench by the great kitchen fireplace, watching his sister at her work, and waiting for his supper.

He held his hands out before the bright crackling fire, his fingers and little round face flushed pink, and his hair yellow as gold. Suzon sat knitting away seriously at a blue stocking. A pot hanging over the great fire boiled and bubbled, sending out puffs of white steam and an appetizing smell of soup.

"Tell me again how beautiful it is, Suzon."

"Oh," said Suzon, "there are so many candles that you would just think that you were in heaven. And they sing the prettiest hymns. And then there is the Child Jesus, lying on the straw, dressed in beautiful clothes, the most beautiful you have ever seen, and the Holy Virgin, with a lovely blue dress, and St. Joseph dressed in red with a plane in his hand; and then there are the shepherds, with lots of sheep; and then the ass, and the ox; and the three kings, all dressed up like soldiers, with the longest beards, bring the most beautiful things to the Child Jesus. And the shepherds bring gifts, too. And then the shepherds, and the kings, and monsieur le curé, and the ass, and the ox, and the three kings, and the sheep, all ask the Child Jesus to bless them, and the angels bring in lots of stars."

The year before Suzon had gone for the first time to mid-night mass, and perhaps she really believed that she had seen it all, just as she said. Pierrot listened to her in an ecstasy of delight, and when she had finished, "I want to go to mid-night mass," said the child.

"Oh, you are too little yet," said the mother, who came in just then. "But when you are as big as Suzon you may go, too."

"I will go," said Pierrot, knitting his brows.

"But, my little man, the church is too far away, and it is snowing outside. If you are very good, and go sound asleep, you will hear mid-night mass without leaving your little snow-white bed."

"I will go!" repeated Pierrot, clenching his little fists.

"Who's that saying 'I will'?" asked a deep voice.

It was his father. Pierrot did not insist further. He was a well-behaved child, and he already understood the wisdom of bowing to the inevitable. They sat down to supper. Pierrot merely picked at his food, silent and dreamy.

"Suzon, put your little brother to bed."

When the child was undressed and well tucked in, Suzon drew the curtains around his little cot, and said: "Just wait and you'll see how pretty mid-night mass is in your little snow-white bed."

Pierrot made no answer. He did not fall asleep. He had no wish for sleep, and he lay with his eyes wide open.

He listened to his parents coming and going in the kitchen, then to the shrill voice of Suzon as she spelled out stories from an old almanac. At one time it seemed to him that they must be eating chestnuts, and he felt sadder than ever.

A little later his mother came into the room, slightly parted the curtains, and leaned over him. But he kept his eyes tight shut and lay still as a mouse.

At last he heard them going out and shutting the doors behind them. Then came silence. When all was quiet Pierrot crept out of his little bed. He groped around in the dark for his clothes. It was a long, toilsome process. He found his little blouse and his trousers, but not his vest. He dressed again as best he could, putting his blouse on wrong side out. Though his little fingers did their best he could not get one button into a buttonhole. He could find only one stocking, and leaning against the wall, he put it on all awry, the heel making a hard ball, so that his foot would scarcely go into one of his little wooden shoes, and his little bare foot slid around coldly in the other. Groping his way, he found the door of the room, then went through the kitchen, where the cold light of the snowy night crept feebly in at the curtainless window.

Pierrot, grown very shrewd, did not go to the street door, which he knew to be locked. The door leading from the kitchen to the shed he had no difficulty in opening. A cow stirred in its stall, a goat rose and tugged at its cord, to lick Pierrot's hand, and bleated in a gentle, plaintive way, as if to say: "Stay here with us, where it is so comfortable and warm. What are you going to do, little one, out in all the cold and snow?"

By the dim light that struggled in through the window hung with cobwebs, he was able when he stood on tiptoe to find and draw the inside bolt of the shed door. Then all at once he found himself outside in the silent, freezing white-ness.

The house where Pierrot lived was off the main road, about a thousand paces from the village church. First the way led through a lane running between orchards, then at a turn to the right the church tower was seen just ahead.

Without a moment's hesitation, Pierrot started on his way. Everything was white with snow—the road, the bushes, the trees in the fields. The apple trees were as white as if heavy sheets had been hung on them to dry. The snow whirled around in the air like winnowed chaff. Pierrot sank up to his ankles; his little wooden shoes were heavy with snow, his hair and shoulders white with it, but he was unconscious of all discomfort, for he saw at the end of his journey, in a great glow of golden light, the Child Jesus, and the Virgin, and the three kings, and the angels with stars in their hands.

He went on, on, ever led by the vision. But already he walked less quickly. The snow was blinding him, as it filled the air with its downy whiteness. He took no heed of his surroundings, he no longer knew where he was. By this time his little feet were heavy as lead, his hands, nose and ears were stinging with the cold. The snow was melting down his neck; his blouse and his little shirt were soaked. He stumbled over a stone and lost one of his shoes. He searched a long time for it, kneeling down in the snow, and groping around with his numb little hands.

He could no longer see the Child Jesus nor the Virgin, nor the kings, nor the angels who carry the stars. He was afraid of the silence, afraid of the trees shrouded in white, breaking here and there the great stretch of white, and looking not like trees, but like phantoms in the night.

His heart was bursting with terror. Sobbing and weeping, he cried: "Mother! Mother!"

Then the snow ceased to fall. Pierrot looked all about, and saw the pointed steeple and church windows all aglow. His vision came back to him, and with it courage and strength. There it was! There, just ahead, the wonder for which he had longed, the marvelous glimpse of heaven. He did not wait to go around by the turn of the road, but walked straight towards the brightly lighted church. He rolled into a ditch, bumped against a stump, and left there his remaining shoe. Limping along, the child dragged himself through the field, his eyes fixed upon the light ahead, but he progressed more and more slowly. The church, standing out more and more distinctly, loomed ever nearer and nearer. He heard voices singing: "Come, blest Redeemer."

At last he entered the graveyard surrounding the church, his hands outstretched, his eyes widely dilated in his ecstasy, borne up only by the beauty of his dream, ever nearer and nearer its realization. Then close by something ineffable was being realized. Voices were singing: "While shepherds watched their flocks by night."

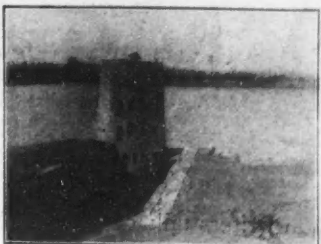
Pierrot stumbled on, with all the strength left in his exhausted little body, towards that glory, and towards those songs. Suddenly he fell down at the foot of a bush which was bending beneath its weight of snow; he fell with closed eyes, overcome with sudden sleep, and smiling at the songs of the angels.

The voices continued: "Hark, the herald angels sing."

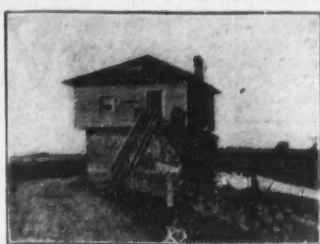
At the same moment the soft, silent fall of the white flakes began again. The snow covered all the little body with its gently deepening folds. Pierrot heard mid-night mass in his little snow-white bed.

Bible Society Prizes.

The members of the British and Foreign Bible Society are celebrating the centenary of the institution, and, in order to arouse public interest, the society has offered prizes to the teachers and pupils of the Toronto Public Schools for the best essay on the subject of the Bible Society, its history, work and claims. There will be in all 125 prizes for distribution among the pupils of the Public, Model and High Schools of Toronto. The essay must not exceed one thousand words in length and is to be forwarded to the secretary of the Prize Committee, Mr. A. M. Denovan, 21 Manning Arcade, King street west, Toronto, before the 21st of February, 1904.



Flanking Tower, Fort Henry, Kingston.



Blockhouse, Kingston Mills. Built to guard Rideau Canal locks.



Fort on Point Frederick, Kingston.

Old Forts of Canada—Kingston.

SITUATED on a gentle elevation at the junction of the Cataraqui Creek and the St. Lawrence, is the old Limestone City of Kingston. Viewed from the river the old city has quite an imposing appearance. On the right the guns of Fort Henry frown down on you, while on either hand are seen the quaint old Martello towers.

Kingston is known as the best fortified position in Canada west of Quebec. It was early recognized as a position of great strategic value by both French and English. When the hardy pioneers were striving to make the continent of America a province of France this was the meeting-place for barter of white men and red.

It was for the purpose of retaining the valuable fur trade with the Indians that De Frontenac, the Governor, in 1673 led a large force of Indians and French soldiers in canoes and batteaux up through the winding channels of the St. Lawrence and landed on the site of the present city. Near where the Tete du Pont Barracks now stand he erected a primitive stockaded fort of logs and gave it the name of Fort Frontenac. Closely interwoven with the history of Fort Frontenac is the name of that daring explorer, La Salle. He was its first commander, and was also granted seigniorial rights over part of the adjacent county and the islands in front. He rebuilt the fort in stone and cleared the land and built a church for his co-religionists. A small French village grew up around the fort, and near by were the wigwags of the Indians. As a fur trader La Salle could have amassed a fortune, but he had other ambitions. He had set his heart on exploring the country drained by the Mississippi and the Ohio, and taking possession of it in the name of the King of France.

Making this fort his headquarters, he made his way up through the great lakes and down the Mississippi, marking his route by a chain of primitive forts. Again and again he was compelled to return here to fit out new expeditions and for supplies. No calamity seemed great enough to discourage him. For a score of years he journeyed back and forth from the great lakes to the Gulf. In the annals of Canadian pioneer life for true courage and devotion to his flag, no name stands higher.

When the fort was destroyed by the Iroquois in revenge for the treacherous act of De Denonville, Frontenac's unworthy successor, the little French colony was almost ruined. Upon the recall of De Frontenac he rebuilt the fort, but the settlement did not thrive. In 1758 the fort was captured by

an English force under Colonel Bradstreet and French dominion was at an end. A few French families still clung to their old homes, but the place was almost lost sight of, until after the War of Independence, when the U. E. Loyalists took possession of it.

The site of Fort Frontenac was not long vacant as a military post. Carleton Island was first used as a station for troops and shipping under the British occupation, but when it was discovered that this island was within the "American" lines, Kingston, as it was now called, once more became a military as well as a naval station.

Shortly after the war of 1812-14, Fort Henry was begun. It was at first a rude fort of logs, with an embankment, and a chain of old-fashioned blockhouses surrounded the town. Twenty years later the present stone fort—said to have been planned by the Duke of Wellington—replaced the primitive log fortifications on the hill commanding the harbor, and a cincture of massive Martello towers and stone batteries superseded the old blockhouses. The city continued to be a garrison city until 1872, when the Canadian Rifles, of which it was the headquarters, were finally disbanded, and no British regulars have since occupied its fort or barracks. It has, however, a battery of volunteer artillery. Fort Henry, mentioned above, was begun in 1832, and it is a well planned fortification for the military needs of that time. It encloses an extensive area, with glacis, ditch, flanking towers, and a subterranean passage to the water. The Royal Military College—the West Point of Canada—is located here.

Any sketch of Kingston as a military post would be incomplete without reference being made to the Rideau Canal. This canal was constructed by the British Government at a cost of five million dollars. It was commenced in 1826, when the Duke of Wellington was in office, and it is understood that this great general planned the undertaking. It was built chiefly for military purposes as affording a safe channel for the conveyance of stores, etc., when the frontiers might be exposed. The length of the canal is 126 miles.

The Rideau is not an ordinary canal. It is a waterway between the cities of Ottawa (formerly Bytown) and Kingston (formerly Cataraqui, or Frontenac). Many of the locks were built out of the solid rock. To protect the locks and the canal generally from attacks by the Indians and others, stone blockhouses were built whose upper stories jutted out over the lower, one of which is shown in our illustrations, and is located at Kingston Mills. The upper section has been rebuilt, but the lower part is as originally planned.

F. E. BARR.

Help!

MARY ANNE, as she snaps back the lever of her carding machine, which begins a methodical clank: "Away with drudgery; eight o'clock, an' I work till twelve. Nice, clean work, too; fit for a lady. Not much like the days I spent slavin' at the Carews' as a general. Up at five, to bed at eleven. 'We'll have oatmeal for breakfast, an' cantaloupe,'—yes, ma'am, I says,—an' bacon an' eggs an' griddle cakes,"—yes, ma'am, I says,—an' dry-toast—dry, Mary Anne—an' coffee, not too strong,—yes ma'am, says I.

"An' after breakfast, an' you gets up the dishes, Mary Anne, dust the front hall an' parlor, an' air the beddin' an' scrub the kitchen up, because it's Monday. An' all the windows needs washin'." "Yes, ma'am," says I. "An' of course there's the regular sweepin', upstairs an' down, an' the silver an' glass to be polished. An' fer luncheon—O, Lord, what a nightmare! The seven Carews cusses me in seven different ways. I gets an afternoon out once a week. They gives the dog his choice of the stable or my room to sleep in, an' the dog takes the stable. At the end of thirty days I gets \$14, with seventy-five cents off fer breakage. That was a sweet life."

Adv.—Girl wanted.

Adv.—General wanted.

Adv.—Help, help. Easy place. No children.

Mary Anne (machine hums)—"Look at me now. I'm away at six, an' to the theater with Johnny. I sees the Carews there. Not Mrs. Carew, though. Her fer the kitchen an' the broiled hands. Her to gimme orders! There's that nice-lookin' 'American' at the third machine snailin' this way again. I'll write Jen an' Nell to come an' get good jobs."

"S. breffus ready, Mary Anne?" snaps Carew.

"The toast's hard, Mary Anne," says Mrs. Carew.

"Is me shoes shined, Mary Anne?" says Master James.

"Master! Humph! I'm me own master now."

"You should see the timekeeper makin' eyes as I comes in, an' slippin' me a New York comic paper of two weeks ago, an' the drivers stoppin' vid their jokes. I'll have me nails manicured to-morrow."

Foreman—"Hurry that piece. To-morrow's a holiday."

Mary Anne—"Aw, this is Brim. I can stand orders from a gentleman as is one. The dog can have me room now."

Mrs. Carew (despairingly)—"You haven't one, either? I can't understand how a girl can leave a home for a horrid factory or shop, and I made things so easy. O, look at my hands!"

Mrs. Benson—"I'm going to try a Chinaman."

Mrs. Carew—"O, I'm afraid of them with the children, and you simply can't have one in the house."

Telephone bell rings. Mrs. Carew rushes. Voice—"That Mrs. Carew? How many children? Yes, I want \$18 and no stashing. What? Seven! O, excuse me. Have you a pianola? For your own use? Well, I can't come."

Mrs. Carew—"Oh, how dreadful! Whatever ails the girls?"

Mrs. Carew (gruffly, behind his paper)—"Finger posts of prosperity!"

Mary Anne (sings to the hum of her machine)—

"Nellie's in the factory, near a window sunny. Fanny's in a fancy store, making lots of money. With mistress in the kitchen, a-learning how to scrub. An' no dinner yet for master, so he's dining at the club."

Chorus of 50,000—"Oh, for a maid! Help, help, of any kind. General—not particular. No washing. No children. No references. Wages in advance. Break what you like. Help, help, help!"

Moral: Cable Alverstone.

NORMAN HARRIS.

Life's Tail.

(By A. Wagg.)

Dogs bark.

Asses bray.

Men talk.

Women say.

And the world.

Has lived a day.

—J. E. W. in "Life."

Are we Snobs?

(Is Thackeray right, and are we of the English-speaking world all snobs?)

ONE time in London in dread that in my invalid strolls through the parks someone might ask me to hold his horse, I determined to don the conventional frock coat and high hat. A Guards officer whom I had met in London gave me his ticket to the Army and Navy Stores, the big departmental store of London where goods are only sold to military or naval people possessing the necessary ticket, and I was directed to the tailoring department. A cloth-laden counter extended around the room and, with my customary luck, I got on the wrong side and waited patiently for the usual obsequious London shopman to take my order. There were several of them, apparently, but they strolled around indifferent to my questioning looks. I had known something of the mingled haughtiness and obsequiousness of the devotees of the art tonsorial, but this cold indifference made me hot.

"Say," I said quietly and impressively to a jaunty but dignified little chap on the other side of the counter, "I want you to hurry up if you can and measure me for a frock coat and a pair of trousers. I would like you to be as quick as you can. I'm in an awful hurry."

The little man swelled up like Aesop's frog, his face grew purple, and he spluttered. He only spluttered, but how was I to know that he was the most choleric little British General on the Afghan frontier, home on leave?

Only the other day I was "doing hotels" for an evening paper. I was told to keep my eye open for an English Lord that was going to light in Toronto, and I was to get a good half column from him. The Lord was registered, all right enough. He had arrived, and I watched for him for the half column, and when a distinguished looking man with all the hall marks of the nobility in the way of an aquiline nose, clean-cut lips and a dignified bearing came out of the elevator and glanced around with the air that apparently had come to him from a long and distinguished line of ancestors who were born to command, I opened the interview.

"Might I ask my lord," and so on. A peaceful glow stole over his aristocratic features, and I could almost hear him purr.

"I—I—I think you must be laboring under a mistake," and he gave his head a haughty toss, but he purred on. "I am a delegate from such and such union in the State of Ohio, and am up Canada way on business with the Socialist League. Would you care to take something?" I left him stroking his moustache and squaring his shoulders before the bar mirror and still purring.

The most democratic man of a democratic business was a reporter I knew on a Toronto paper a few years ago.

He had been assigned by his paper to write up a fashionable ball. He was standing at the ball-room door noting in his mind the salient features of the swagger affair for publication in his paper, and a lot of other things about fashionable puppets, be-frilled poppays and non-producing imbeciles who danced while the lorry-handed sons of toil labored to gratify their pampered tastes for private circulation. He had both parts properly arranged in his mind when one of the room boys came to him and murmured in that effete drawing-room voice that he despised, "Waiter, will you look sharp and get me a glass of claret cup?"

Now why is that democratic reporter more Socialistic than ever, and why did his city editor have to blue pencil half his stuff about that ball? Or, is Thackeray right?

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.



The Descent of Man.—"Life."

Confetti.

Moments are centuries and centuries are moments, according to circumstance; and yet we go on adjusting our lives and emotions to the strike of the parish clock.—"Katharine Frensham."

He who thinks to please woman by taking her at her word is either a born fool or a self-made one.—"Of Men and Women."

The longer I live, the more clearly I see that we cannot put matters straight either for ourselves or for other people.—"Katharine Frensham."

In family hotels they sing it "Home, Suite Home,"—"Life."

A girl in the conservatory is worth two under the mistletoe.—"Town Topics."

The silence which is golden is that which we never hear.—"Rips and Raps."

A man can be won by flattery; he can be retained only by cookery.—"Life."

Fools rush in and win—where angels fear to tread.—"The Cynic's Calendar."

Over the broken waters of our restless life there hovers the golden glory of God's eternal peace.—"Work."

Society is the mother of contention.—"In Society."

The rolling years that shift and drift are like a lonely sea.

Upon whose breast floats in to rest Driftwood of memory.—"Ports."

Many are called but few get up.—"The Cynic's Calendar."

What is home without another?—"The Cynic's Calendar."

The meek may inherit the earth, but that does not hinder those who are not meek getting possession of it.—"Rips and Raps."

The road to society is paved with indifference.—"In Society."

Trappists are we—but happy Trappists all—Preparing for the end amidst the throng.

The shroud we weave is laughter—to the call Of Death we give a light reply of song.

—"The Trappists."

His Victory.

"I understood you to say that you reject me," he said.

"Your understanding is correct," she replied, "although somewhat blunt. I feel that I cannot marry you."

She took a step forward, and gently touched his arm. A tear was in her eye.

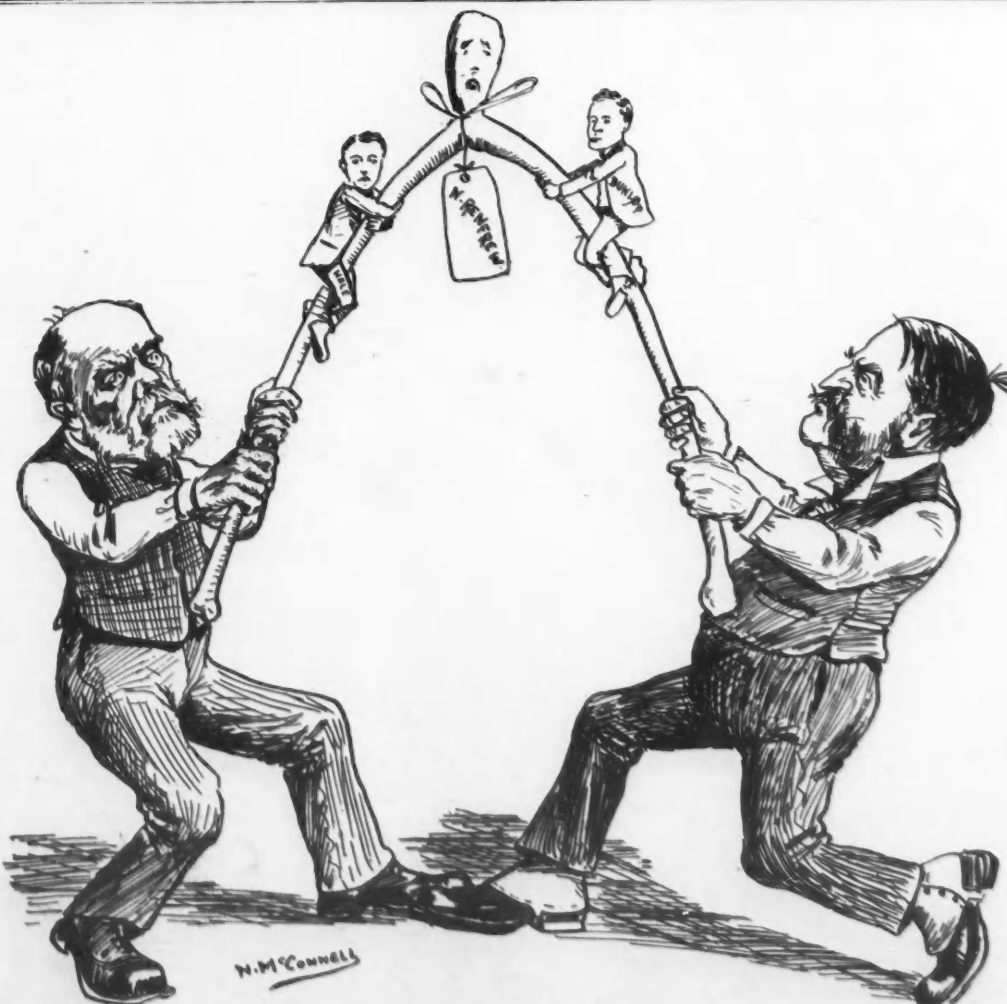
"I'm so sorry," she said.

Something in her voice made him straighten up. He had not asked for sympathy. He resented it so suddenly that it was as if some outside power had taken possession of him. He felt mad right through.

"You needn't be," he replied. "Why should you be? If you entertain the slightest notion that I'm going to jump off the dock or ruin my life, dismiss it at once. There are, I can assure you, worse things than being a bachelor. In the first place, there are no enormous bills to pay. Then, a man can go and come as he pleases, without let or hindrance. Instead of being bound down to one woman, subject to her whims, her idle fancies, he is free for all. He can pursue his cherished ambitions without interruption. When he is sick, he can secure proper care without being nursed by an amateur. He doesn't have to attend dinner parties, or any other kind of parties, if he doesn't want to. His time is his own. He can smoke and drink or not, without question, and he is absolutely free to pursue his own ideas. There are worse things than being single. I was willing to run the risk, with you, but don't sympathize with me. I shall get along all right, thank you."

She turned toward him with a sudden movement of determination, and held out her hands, pleadingly.

"Now you must marry me!" she said.—January "Smart Set."



N. M. Connell

THE AFTER-CHRISTMAS WISH-BONE.

Which side will it crack on?

The Woozy Wogglers' Course.

THE Woozy Wogglers' course, which lies five miles beyond sound of Philadelphia's cracked "Liberty Bell," has eighteen holes and it rewards good golf. James Van Sutes Smith, 45 years old, clean-shaven, bald and eye-glassed, a broker in wheat, had made it in 87. Robert Bidwaller Jones, 43 years old, whiskered, hairy and eye-glassed, a broker in pork, had made it in 87. Therefore were they rivals and the quality of their politeness was strained long before Mrs. Lucy May Dacres, a wealthy young widow from New York, had been introduced to the club, and had enlivened its meets and its evenings with laughter and song. She was tanned of cheek, this widow, with merry blue eyes, a delicious figure and manner at once free from coyness and boldness, from stiffness and too much liberality. When, at the first tee, she cast her glance on Smith, he searled dreadfully and the ball fell a scant twenty yards away. When she smiled at Jones, who was poised for a smash at a beautiful brassie lie, he topped like a bungling beginner and followed through with such effect that he spun all of the way around and sat down hard on the grass. To Smith she expressed sympathy in a low contralto that ran through every vein in him like wine. On Jones she smiled so brightly and kindly that he felt it would have been a never-ending delight to fall down for her and let loose his vertebrae twenty times an hour so long as he should live.

When Mrs. Dacres golfed, which she did often and well, Smith felt that wheat was vain, if permitted to carry her caddy bag. At such times Jones sat in the club bar and drowned himself in high-balls. When the wheel of fortune made a half-turn and Jones selected her clubs for her and wondered at the difficulty of her hazards, Smith wandered up and down the porch of the club house and gnawed at the blackest cigar he could buy. At such times he was distinctly dangerous. There is no telling how long this sort of thing would have continued, or in what a puddle of gore it might have ended, but for the fact that the rivals were broken and therefore used to taking chances. They had in them, indeed, more than fair shares of that sort of blood which, for lack of a better name, is called "sporting blood" — the blood which makes a man want to bet continually on all sorts of things. They were contained business men, even though they were golfers and in love, and they realized that the dear old days had gone forever. They were not at liberty to call each other out and shoot each other with large-bored pistols, or to whack each other with extremely heavy swords. In the mind of Smith and in the mind of Jones the pursuit of Mrs. Dacres resolved itself into a betting proposition. Arriving simultaneously at the conclusion, they were not long in getting together. It happened in the club bar in the noon of an off day, when there was not another member about, except Willie Wimple, aged 23, to whom no one ever paid attention and who did not count.

"Have a high-ball, Smith," said Jones, with cordiality.

"Thanks," said Smith, taking a seat at the opposite side of the small table. "I never drink. It's bad for golf. Have a cigar."

"Thanks! I never smoke. It makes foolies."

Smith looked at Jones. Jones looked at Smith. Smith said aggressively:

"My score for the eighteen holes is 87."

"Yes, I know," Jones replied airily. "That was two years ago. You were not smoking then, I believe."

"The score," said Smith with painful distinctness and slowness, "was made in the spring of the present year—and I was smoking when I felt like smoking. Your own record was made, I am told, in 1896, when the course was new and putting was guess-work."

Jones said: "Not at all so. Not at all so." He ordered a high-ball. Smith said "Humph" and lighted a cigar.

Jones, as becomes a man in pork, was slightly more rash.

"Well," he said finally, having drained his glass and pushed it from him. "This isn't buying the baby a frock. Haven't you anything to propose?"

The cautious Smith answered: "What are you talking about?"

Jones glanced around him carefully, saw no one, except Wimple, who sat twenty feet away, sipping a lemonade, and said, lowering his voice:

"About the little wid—about Mrs. Dacres, you know. There isn't any use in our hanging on in each other's way. One of us must drop out of the running. Make it any sort of a bet you will. I'm agreeable."

Smith thought deeply. He had a tall reeding forehead, and when he thought wrinkles came thickly to his bald brow. He rose, walked to the bar counter, asked for two lumps of sugar, returned, gave one of them to Jones and placed the other on the table.

"Put down our sugar," he said. "If a fly lights first on your lump, I drop out. You the same."

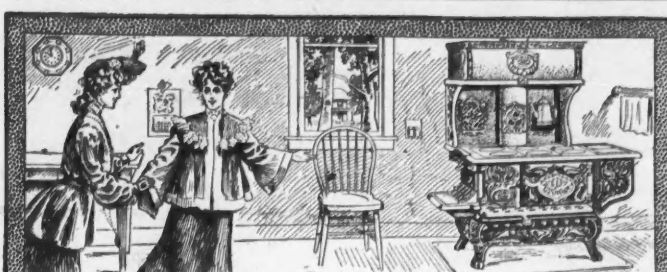
They stared at the sugar for thirty minutes. There was a slight buzzing, two flies appeared and hovered above the lumps tentatively. The men held their breaths. Jones had grown red; Smith had grown pale. The flies suddenly made up their minds, dived downward and alighted, each upon a lump at the same instant. Willie Wimple, who had drawn near, much interested, cackled shrilly and said: "Dead heat! Smith looked up and snarled:

"What have you got to do with this?"

"Nothing! Nothing!" said Wimple hastily. "I used to do that when I was a little fellow. I suppose you chaps were tempting the flies for drinks."

"Yes, of course," Jones broke in smoothly. "Run along, now, Willie, while we try something else."

Wimple disappeared. Dice were brought and they shook sixes each. They tried it again and shook deuces each; tried it again and shook fives each; gave it up. Wrought to desperation, they went out to the lawn and, after much exertion and perspiration in the broiling sun, captured two grasshoppers. They brought them in, drew a straight line, set the insects with their backs to the line and poked them with straws. Neither would jump an inch. They killed the grasshoppers. Jones ordered a high-ball; Smith lit a cigar. They were afraid of each other's game, but there was nothing for it but the golf. Jones drank another high-ball and said fiercely:



Pandora Range

Entirely New

Has been under construction for more than a year—six months were spent in testing and perfecting the range before it was offered for sale.

Is built on entirely new and modern principles from entirely new designs—no old patterns were used to hamper the good working qualities of the new features.

Possesses labor and fuel-saving devices which are entirely new—triple triangular grates, enameled steel reservoir and special flue construction are not used in any other make of range.

Fire-box, flues, body and oven linings, dampers, etc., are improved over old styles, and all combine to make a perfect baking oven.

Bold, rich carvings, extra highly polished nicking, heavy leg base and sheet steel warming closet give the Pandora a rich, elegant appearance not seen in old style ranges.

Sold by all enterprising dealers. Booklet free to any address.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

"Play you one round of eighteen holes!"

Smith grew even paler, and his cigar wobbled, but he answered: "Done!"

The face of Willie Wimple, which had been glued to the screen of an open window, ducked out of sight. Caddies were obtained and the game started. It was half-past 1 o'clock and the thermometer in the cool of the office registered 93 degrees. When five holes had been played Smith was one up, and wet from his collar to his heels. When ten holes had been played Jones was one up, and his face was a crimson moon upon a narrow-brimmed straw hat. At the fifteenth hole Jones was two up. Smith won the sixteenth and seventeenth. As they approached the home hole they saw that a crowd had come from the city. They were watching the play, and there was some laughter among them. Like an errand gaff, Wimple buzzed from group to group. Conspicuous among them were Mrs. Lucy May Dacres and a large man with black side-whiskers and a comfortable paunch. The hole was halved in six and the opponents glared at each other speechlessly. The score, as called by the caddies, was: Smith, nine holes; Jones, nine holes. Medal play: Smith, 108; Jones, 108. There was a ripple of laughter all about them. They started doggedly for the dressing-rooms. Mrs. Dacres intercepted them with her companion. She was bubbling with suppressed mirth, but managed to say:

"Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, I want you to meet Mr. John Cortlandt Brown, a very, very dear friend from New York, who has come all of this way to see me."

John Cortlandt Brown bowed with an air of proprietorship. Down Smith's high forehead streams were running. Jones's whiskers were wet, as with dew. They nodded abruptly and trotted to the shelter of the cool basement, wherein the lockers were. Once inside, Smith dashed the perspiration from his eyes and laid a hand almost affectionately on the shoulder of Jones.

"Wouldn't," he said, with a dismal attempt at a smile, "wouldn't that make you think?"—"Ten Story Book."

A Point of Etiquette.

Mrs. Third Wednesday—Are you going to Mrs. Second Tuesday's funeral?

Mr. T. W.—Well, I did think of it.

"Do you know that the horrid woman never returned my last call?"

Richard Himself Again.

A Diverting Account of the Strenuous Life of the Lion-Hearted.

RICHARD the First, surnamed the Lion-Hearted, is one of the most popular characters in English history. Whether this is due to the fact that during his reign of ten years he spent little more than a year in this country, we shall not pause to enquire. The fact is, however, that England did not offer sufficient scope for Richard's peculiar genius, for Richard was above all a carver and a slasher. And it is no use going round among your own subjects carving them up when you want to save them for the purpose of making them pay taxes. It is true that dead men tell no tales; but then they pay no taxes either.

As a matter of fact, Richard discounted anything like wholesale slaughter in this country. About that time the popular sport was killing Jews; and on the day Richard was crowned he announced that he had taken the Jews under his protection. Shortly after that the good Christians descended in a lump on the Jews, and plundered, tortured and murdered them till the Jews could only faintly conjecture what might have happened to them if they hadn't been protected. For sheer good sport there was nothing in Richard's opinion to beat the—Moslem. He was, therefore, no sooner crowned than he started for Palestine. Earlier in life he had made a vow to mop the Mahomedan people right up, and a gentleman will always do his best to keep his engagements. The sport that he got in the Holy Land was really glorious. One day five thousand Moslem prisoners were led out in sight of the Saracen camp, and sloshed into Paradise by the knifing process. When Saladin, the Moslem leader, saw his people being carved to glory in this way, he had the wickedness to retaliate by mopping up all the Christians that he had on the premises.

After fighting for a long time and killing off an appalling number of Moslems without capturing Jerusalem, which remains Moslem to this day, Richard set out for home. It seemed to have occurred to him suddenly that, after all, for what it was worth, he was King of England, and he thought it would be a good plan to go and see how the old country was getting on. It was then that he suddenly realized that by his

pushful conduct he had made quite a lot of enemies. His brother John was trying to pinch the throne for himself; Philip of France was doing Sandwich exercises daily with a view to emergencies; and the Emperor of Germany and the Duke of Austria were both pining to meet Richard down a dark lane one evening and sock him into eternal rest before he could attract the attention of the police. Richard, therefore, had to go home warily, but in spite of his watchfulness his identity was discovered. One evening, while he was having a game of billiards at a friend's house in Austria, his enemies descended on him with a whoop and bore him off in triumph to chokey.

Richard was in jail for about six months as a third-class misdeedant, and now and then his captors would come down into his cell and worry him just because he wasn't able to hit back. As soon as he was free Richard made up his mind that he would collect an army with the view of getting a little of his own back. Unfortunately his scheme never came off in its entirety. The war was not one of the sort that Richard had been used to. He liked the kind of fight that spread over a couple of square miles, and where you could carry daylight into the opposition for hours without being obliged to stop for want of material. Neither Richard nor Philip had much cash. They would meet on the plain and their armies would have a bit of a peek at each other; and then both sides would have to withdraw till their weight to money came from home. One day Richard would have enough petty cash in hand to buy a few more arrows, and then Philip would be able to afford an extra spear or two; but sport on these lines is never very great. Finally, Richard said you couldn't tell whether it was a fight or a running match, and he tried to rush things a bit. That's where he made a mistake. One day, as he was strolling about the battlefield with his hands in his pockets, reckoning that the other side didn't amount to much anyway, and that if he had got another ninepence he could mop up the lot in ten minutes, somebody shot an arrow and hit Richard in the neck, which is well known to be a rather painful experience. Richard then took to his bed and forgave his enemies; though just precisely what frame of mind his enemies entertained towards him it would have been interesting to learn. After three doctors had taken him in hand, Richard died. It was a matter of cause and effect—"Pick-Me-Up."

Romance and Hymen.

THE subject before the class in sociology to-day is this advertisement printed in a Manhattan contemporary recently:

"Author recent popular book desires to meet lady having some means; object, matrimony—Romance."

There are no popular books but novels. This author must be a novelist. We shall not embarrass by enquiring the many young and beautiful novel-smiths who have not yet married their heroine. By the process of elimination we might find the man, but it is none of our business to interfere with his studies or collection of material. He may be a misogynist, driven to that gloomy state by the general adulation and worship paid him by the feminine world. "Surely, somewhere," he may say to himself, "there must be a woman, incapable of literary passion and innocent of literature, who yet understands the money-making possibilities of my business and will form a corporation with me. Her money shall be the preferred stock. My capitalized earning power will be the common. Then I shall be able to enlarge my fiction plant, to employ typewriters night and day, and to double my receipts. Heroines I can invent. What I want is a partner."

It is needed, this explanation of an advertisement which might look suspicious otherwise. Everybody knows that the earnings of novelists are great. Why, then, should a popular novelist advertise for a wife of means? Is not the spuriousness of his pretensions manifest? Weighed of the perfume of flattery and

..Headquarters for Men's Xmas Gifts..

Something to wear is what a gentleman appreciates, but it must be correct and appropriate. It will be if selected from our unapproached, exclusive display:

Cravats, 50c to \$6.

Mufflers, \$1.00 up.

Riding, Driving and Walking Gloves, \$1.50 up.

Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, \$2.50 per doz.

Suspenders, 50c.

Umbrellas (half a guinea), \$2.65 up.

Walking Sticks, \$1 to \$5.00.

Smoking Jackets, \$5.00 to \$15.00.

Dressing Gowns, \$5.00 to \$20.00.

Bath Robes, \$5.00 to \$12.00.

Slippers to match Bath Robes, \$1.00 pair.

Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List free to out-of-town people.

R. SCORE & SON

Tailors and Haberdashers

77 KING STREET WEST

THE HOME SAVINGS & LOAN COMPANY LIMITED

78 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

IN BUSINESS AS A SAVINGS BANK AND LOAN CO., SINCE 1854

BOOK TO BECOME

"THE HOME BANK OF CANADA."

Assets, \$3,000,000.00.

3 1/2% Interest Allowed on Deposits from Twenty Cents Upwards. WITHDRAWABLE BY CHEQUES.

OFFICE HOURS:—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. SATURDAY 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

OPEN 7 TO 9 EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

JAMES MASON, Managing Director.

Best Quality

COAL AND WOOD

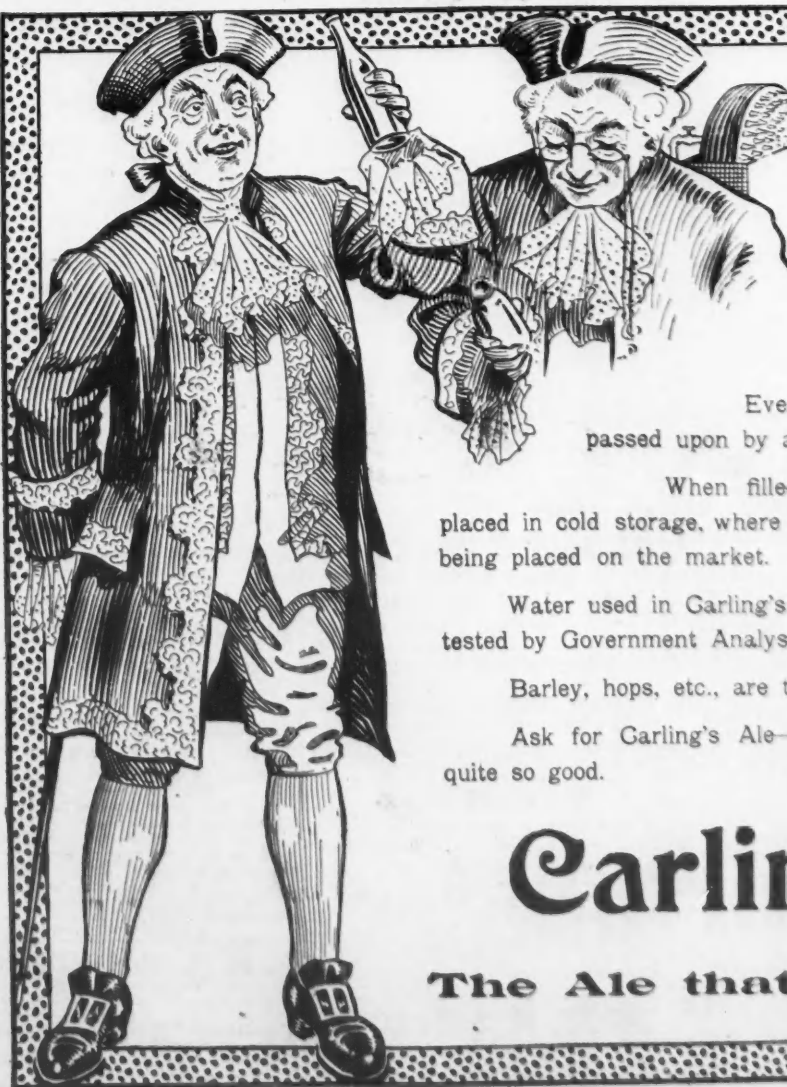
At the Lowest Prices



LIST OF OFFICES:

3 KING EAST
413 Yonge Street
730 Yonge Street
578 Queen Street West
415 Spadina Avenue
Bathurst Street (opposite Front Street)
306 Queen Street East
1332 Queen Street West
304 Wellesley Street
Esplanade East (near Berkeley Street)
Esplanade East (foot of Church Street)
360 Pape Avenue (at G.T.R. Crossing)
1131 Yonge Street (at C.P.R. Crossing)
258 to 280 Lansdowne Avenue (near Dundas St.)

The ELIAS ROGERS CO., Limited



Bottle Purity

Carling's Ale bottles are chemically cleansed and thoroughly disinfected by special machinery.

Every bottle is carefully inspected and passed upon by an expert before being used or re-used.

When filled, the bottles are corked air-tight and placed in cold storage, where the Ale is aged for six months before being placed on the market.

Water used in Carling's Ale tested 99.08 degrees pure, when tested by Government Analysts.

Barley, hops, etc., are the best grown in the world.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

fame, a popular novelist might seek some unknown and unexpressive She, the predestined Heroine. The way of King Copeland with the Beggar Maid might attract a maker of kings. But surely romance will not calculate interest and add to golden numbers by a commercial marriage!

No, the young ladies who "just dote" on Mr. Sump and think his works "perfectly splendid," know him better. He is all heart. An intellect, an imagination like his seems the details of business. He goes through life like a cavalier. He flings gold pieces away carelessly. His valet cannot help being rich, but he seems to be.

Alas, story-molding or tale-blowing or novel-stitching is a trade like another, only it is more profitable than most. Indeed, a novelist union or trust is already in course of formation. The only difficulty is in allotting the percentage of product to each member, as each plan will have to be accepted at its own valuation.

Still, glorious and fruitful as the business is, will it last? May not a period of overproduction and depression come to it? At the North-Western University the business is to be taught, and similar trade schools are sure to arise elsewhere. If everybody goes into the novel trade, prices must fall and the trust cannot prevent competition. "Romance" may have a long head. A forlorned wife is a treasure even to a novel-writing husband. — New York "Sun."

A Circulating Medium.

"Yes, sir," said the village grocer; "I take the big weeklies to keep track of the world's affairs and the big city dailies to keep posted on what is going on in this country."

"But don't you take your home paper?" asked the drummer.

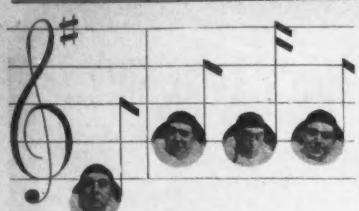
"Nope."

"But you certainly ought to feel interested in local affairs."

"Oh, I know everything that goes on. My wife belongs to the woman's club and three church societies, one of my daughters works in the millinery shop, and the other is in the delivery window at the post-office. — Village."

Private.—Esopod of Belgium intends to visit the United States.

Deer.—What's his play?



OUR local musical societies are awakening to a sense of their responsibilities as educators, and also to a sense of what they owe to the public and their subscribers. The time has passed in Toronto when a local chorus, either unaided or in conjunction with a scratch orchestra, could satisfy musical people, and hence is shown in these days a commendable and enterprising disposition to call in the services of first-class foreign orchestras, to the artistic enhancement of our whole scheme of concerts. The Toronto Male Chorus, one of our oldest and most esteemed societies, illustrated this movement of progress at their annual concert at Massey Hall on Friday evening of last week, when they had the co-operation of the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra, under the conductorship of Mr. F. Van der Stucken, the well-known American leader and composer. The outcome was in every way satisfactory. The orchestra saved the concert from a suspicion of becoming monotonous, and were the means of introducing great artistic compositions. I cordially congratulate the club and its up-to-date committee on the new departure they have made. The public appetite for good orchestral music grows with what it feeds upon, so that one may expect that the extra expenditure incurred at these concerts will be recouped by increased and growing public patronage. The musical community are indebted to the club for the first performance here of Schumann's Symphony in D minor, which, while it may not be so splendid a specimen of the form, nor so inspired as the great symphonies of Beethoven, is a delightful and ingenious work, clear in design and structure, as well as in melodic contents. The art of combining and contrasting the sections of the orchestra Schumann had not acquired, and hence it is that the hearer feels the lack of that tone color which is so striking in the orchestral compositions of Wagner, Liszt and Berlioz. But one is always thankful for good music, and this particular creation of Schumann is good music, healthy in character and free from morbid or pessimistic taint. Mr. Van der Stucken gave it a reading in which nothing was left obscure, which brought out clearly every subject and subordinate phrase, and which revealed sound, conservative taste and conscientious care in all its details. The orchestra, while not the greatest in the United States, and while not perhaps fulfilling the conditions of a permanent orchestra owing to the necessity of its members accepting miscellaneous engagements, can claim to be a most efficient organization, satisfactory in technique and musical tone, both in the mass and in the solo parts. A number which was specially cordially received was Liszt's Symphonic Poem, a splendid example of the modern art of orchestration and of original and poetic ideas. Although Liszt first won fame as a pianist, he is not less recognized as a great composer and as a master in instrumentation. The "Preludes" was, I think, first introduced here by the Leopold Damrosch orchestra many years ago, but it has often been repeated since by visiting bands. Another familiar work, Wagner's prelude to the "Meistersingers," was also given an excellent rendering, while as a thorough novelty was offered Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne," a dreamy composition charmingly orchestrated. One will not find Rabaud's name in the dictionaries of music, but, judging by this one example of his art, it may be said that he is a master of orchestral technique. The Toronto Male Chorus were heard alone in several beautiful numbers, and also in conjunction with the orchestra in Gernheim's cantata, "Salamis," a stirring war composition; Mendelssohn's cantata, "To the Sons of Art," and Arthur Foot's "Bedouin Love Song," which they had on a former occasion sung without orchestra. "Salamis" was given a spirited rendering, with a virile tone and good intonation, while in the Mendelssohn number, in which the voices are effectively supported by the brass, a most careful and effective interpretation was given, in which a wider range of tonal nuances was conspicuous. Taking the numbers without orchestra the club won their most signal triumphs in Van der Stucken's "Sweet and Low," Beethoven's "Vesper Hymn," Van der Stucken's "Cradle Song," and the "Bedouin Love Song." The Van der Stucken and Beethoven numbers were most creditable achievements in shading and sustained softness of tone. A little humorous part song by Newton, "The Frog," was acceptable, as showing the chorus in a lighter mood. Mr. Tripp conducted with his accustomed care of detail and scrupulous observance of metre and nuance. Miss Eva Luntrell acted as accompanist at the piano, but her duties were, of course, light.

Mr. Edward Barton, the well-known baritone, sang Parker's "Jerusalem" last Sunday evening in Bloor Street Baptist church.

The first concert of the People's Choral Union has been fixed for Thursday evening, February 25, in Massey Hall. The chorus of 350 voices will sing "Fair Ellen," by Max Bruch, the solo parts of which will be sung by Madame Shanna Cumming, one of New York's celebrated concert sopranos, and Mr. William Howland, who for two years was leading baritone with the Bostonians. Both of these singers sang the parts under Damrosch, in New York.

The Philadelphia "Weekly Review" speaks in warm terms of commendation of the singing of a Toronto young lady, Miss Mina Phillips. Noticing her first appearance recently in the city of brotherly love, it says: "She has a pure, sweet, soulful soprano, and fully deserved all the applause and flowers showered upon her. Her selections were of a high order and proved that she is a singer of no ordinary talent, and were rendered as only an artist could interpret them. Miss Phillips is a pupil of Mrs. S. R. Bradley."

On Friday evening of last week, the choir of the Parkdale Presbyterian church gave a very interesting Scottish concert under the direction of Mr. Ed-

WILLIAMS MUSIC HOUSE

Famous for their collection of Old Violins



FINE NEW VIOLINS
at prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$15.00. A musical instrument is an acceptable gift for Xmas.
THE R. S. WILLIAMS & SONS CO., LIMITED
143 Yonge Street, Toronto.

mund Hardy, the choirmaster. The soloists, who were Katharine Miller and Emma Phillips, contraltos; Messrs. Arthur Trimble and Frank Trimble, tenors; E. F. Verrall and John Maywood, baritone, and James Milne, bass, were all successful in their appropriate selections. Entertaining readings were supplied by the Rev. A. L. Giegge and Mr. J. H. Cameron. There was a large and appreciative audience, who called for many encores.

The National Chorus have chosen the evenings of April 13 and 14 for their concerts in Massey Hall. As previously announced in this column, the choral works will be "The Death of Mikaela," by Coleridge-Taylor, and "The Banner of St. George," by Elgar.

The following are the winners of the public school scholarships offered by the Toronto College of Music: Violin, John Arthur; piano, Edna Shaw; vocal, Ethel Barron.

Says the New York "Sun" of last Sunday: "The popular manifestation of interest in Wagner's 'Parsifal' is extraordinary in more respects than one. The people are not only eager to see and hear the drama, but also to prepare themselves for the representation by study. The music shops have had difficulty in keeping up with the demand for the piano scores, reprints of the libretto have gone like hot cakes. Mr. Damrosch's explanatory readings at the New Lyceum Theater have been heard by large audiences, and the activities of other lecturers grow apace. Mr. Krehbiel spoke to an overflowing audience of Troy last Tuesday, and besides his public lecture at Mendelssohn Hall next Tuesday afternoon he will deliver two addresses on the subject before more or less private gatherings. Mendelssohn Hall will contain a notable audience to hear the analytical and critical study which Mr. Hertz will illustrate. The Harmonic Club will have a private hearing this evening."

An interesting recital by pupils of Mr. Frank S. Welsman took place in the Mason & Risch Recital Hall on Wednesday afternoon of last week. A number of talented and advanced players presented a comprehensive programme, in which compositions by Schumann predominated, in an artistic and finished manner. The work throughout the programme revealed commendable clearness of technique, beauty of tone, and attention to the details of musicianly interpretation. A special word of praise may be accorded Miss Mabel Wolff for her charming rendering of Habermeyer's "Barcarole" and the Schubert-Liszt "Hark! Hark! The Lark." The other numbers were Beethoven's "Rondo Capriccioso," Liszt's Rhapsody No. 6, Miss Florence Turner's Schumann "Arabesque," Mr. J. Victor Tobey's Schumann "Des Abends," "Aufschwung," Miss Ella Crompton's Schumann "Walden," "Grillen," Miss Bertha Mason's Schumann "In der Nacht," Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick, Mr. Frederick Curtis, a pupil of Mr. David Ross, sang Lane's "I Crown You Queen" in excellent style.

Arthur Ostler, the talented violin pupil of Mr. J. W. Baumann, made a great success the other day at Hamilton in Mr. and Mrs. Meakin's recital. The "Spectator" said: "The playing of Mr. Ostler was a most charming surprise to the audience, who had not heard him before, and his faultless intonation, clear tone and facile technique, both of left hand and bow arm, showed him a masterly and worthy pupil."

Miss Genevieve Finlay, who is a member of "The Country Girl" Company, the current attraction at the Princess, is a daughter of the late Hon. Francis Finlay of Quebec city. She was educated at Syracuse University, N.Y., and is a graduate of the Fine Arts College of

that institution. Her voice is described as a rich and pure contralto of great volume, and she is said to be graced with a charming personality and to be a brilliant conversationalist, noted for her originality and witticisms.

It was discovered the other day that the grave of Rosina Stoltz in Paris was unmarked by a stone, and that she was, in fact, buried among the city paupers. Nothing could illustrate more graphically the contrast between the glories of artists and the oblivion that overtakes those who outlive their day. She was the original Leonora in "Fidelio," and all Paris was at her feet for the years of her rather short career. In Rome she was more notorious for her splendors off the stage than in the opera house. During her life she was Countess Ketchendorf, Princess Lesignano and Duchess of Bassano. The first title she got from Prince Ernest of Saxony-Coburg-Gotha, who was one of her admirers and got permission from Queen Victoria to bestow it on her. It was on his deathbed that Prince Lesignano made her his wife. Her triumphs on and off the stage were of a kind impossible to-day. They are not adapted to such a prosaic age as the present. Rosina Stoltz had the fortune enough to live in comfort until she was 88, but when she died very little of it remained. What had not been spent in charity had gone for good works. She died in August in the hotel that she had always lived in in Paris. For twenty years she had traveled alone over Europe, always living in hotels, seeing few people, forgotten by the old and taking interest only in watching from her windows the passersby in the streets. Her grandson, who came from London for one day, and her landlord, were the only persons who attended her funeral. Mme. Stoltz was deeply religious, but her body was interred without any ceremonies. Her great wish was to be buried appropriately, and to that end she built two tombs during her middle age, one at Nice and the other in Italy. But she is buried in a pauper's grave. Yet, her mundane glories were in a way greater than any singer of the present day enjoys.

A novel feat for a bridegroom was performed in a London restaurant the other day. The violinist Jan Rudenyl took his nuptial breakfast with the bride in the grill-room. After the repast he was induced to mount the orchestral platform and perform a solo, for which he received an enthusiastic encore from the crowded room. Another innovation reported by London newspapers was introduced at a concert given by the Italian pianist, Mr. Busoni, who, as the "Telegraph" relates, "opened his interesting Chopin programme with the Sonata in B flat minor. Although the recital did not commence until 3.30 o'clock there were, as usual, a good many tardy arrivals, and the fact that the Italian pianist's admirers far exceeded on this occasion the capacity of the hall added to the consequent confusion. In the result, partly perhaps from good nature, and possibly also to preserve the sonata's continuity, the recital-giver played the first two movements twice over. But the precedent, to say the least, is a dangerous one. Not every work possesses the commanding interest of Chopin's immortal "Funeral March" Sonata. Neither is an artist of Busoni's magnificent gifts to be heard every day. Given a dull piece and an indifferent performer, the principle adopted on Saturday, in the interests of late-comers, is one that opens up terrible possibilities for the more conscientious concert-goers who arrive in time. It would, if developed, simply mean an aggravation of the 'encore' nuisance."

On Wednesday evening, December 9, the Ladies' Aid Society of the Metropolitan Church entertained Dr. Torrington and the members of the choir to a New England tea. The ladies had made great preparations, and a bountiful repast was spread. Each table was lighted by candles, and each waitress was dressed in Puritan costume. Following the supper speeches were made by several members of the congregation, expressing their appreciation of the work done by Dr. Torrington in the interest of the church for so many years, and the excellent music given at each service, and also the choir for their faithful attendance. Dr. Torrington replied, thanking those who had spoken so kindly of him and of the choir, and also thanked the ladies for the excellent entertainment they had provided. The following programme was then given: "Plains of Peace," Mrs. Cleland Armstrong; "Fear Ye Not, O Israel," W. Avert; "I Cling To Thee, My Saviour," Miss M. Casey; "The Song Shall Be Always Thy Mercy," Mrs. Cleland Armstrong and Mr. Ayer.

The second recital by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight was given at the Toronto Junction College of Music on Thursday of last week, before a rather small but very delighted audience. The following pupils appeared: Misses Manning, Rowan, Lee, Falls and Weaver, and Messrs. Fleming, Twigg, Fiddes and Quinn. The tone production and clearness of enunciation for which Mr. Blight's pupils are noted were again in evidence at this recital. The assisting artists were Miss Jessie Hill, pianist, who was recalled after each number, and Miss George May, reader, ever a favorite with Junction audiences. Mr. Blight's work has so increased at the Junction College that Miss Macmillan, the directress, has added one of his most talented pupils, Mr. John Maywood, to the teaching staff, and in order to accommodate the large number of pupils a vocal recital will be given each month during the season. A recital by pupils of Miss Macmillan will be given in January.

A recital was given last Saturday afternoon at the Toronto College of Music by pupils from junior and intermediate departments. The pianists who took part were Marjory McHenry, Edna McCorkin, Edna Park, Nydia Barber, Ida Coulson, Wilfred Stovel, Olive Henderson, Ruth Park, Annie Thompson, Constance Burke, Clara Hill, Marion Porter and Rozelle McFattie. A vocal number was given by Ruth McCowan and a violin number by Alice McVean.

A piano recital given at the Toronto College of Music on Thursday evening, December 10, by Miss Ella Clegghorn, a pupil of Mrs. Sullivan Mallon, drew a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Clegghorn's programme showed broad lines of study, and each number was executed in a creditable manner, both to the performer and the teacher. Miss

Florence Walton was the vocalist, and her numbers were highly appreciated. Miss Ivy V. Young, a pupil of Mrs. Scott-Raff, gave two interesting readings, Miss Pauline B. Grant was accompanist for the vocal numbers.

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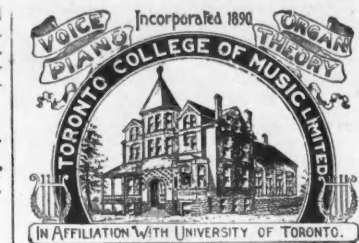
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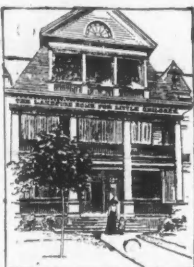
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I stinted on tobacco—I went without cigars—I walked instead of riding in the elevated car; And lunched on pie and water. Until by many a shift, I saved the coin to buy her A costly Christmas gift.

But when I had despatched it On Christmas Eve to her, Investing all my shakels In a special messenger, Imagine the emotions That rent me—if you can—To read of her engagement Unto another man!

—Minna Irving.



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A Canadian in the South.

THERE is one place I have been that I should like you to see, Beersheba Springs, Tennessee. It is a mountain resort, about 160 miles east of Nashville, and 18 off the railway, but decidedly worth the drive over the mountains. There the typical Southern mountaineer flourishes in all his primeval superstition. The hotel was built in 1832, and was patronized by the exclusive sets of New Orleans and Nashville. Those courtly old Southerners made the trip in their coaches, attended by retinues of slaves. The place has not been modernized, simply kept in repair, and you can see many souvenirs of those ante-bellum days—and hear many tales

of the war from the mountaineers. Both armies had used the hotel and grounds as camping-grounds, and one tale goes that when the Northerners were in possession they sacked the hotel and bedecked themselves and their horses with the beautiful laces and silk gowns, torn to ribbons, that the belles of the season before had left there for the coming year, and then rode like madmen over the mountains. Many of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those past generations spend their summers there. I never met a more delightful class of people anywhere. And the scenery is magnificent. The hotel is perched on the top of Beersheba Mountain, overlooking a beautiful valley, and about two miles beyond lies "Fother Moun-

tain," famous in quaint, creepy legend. Have you ever read Charles Egbert Craddock's "In the Tennessee Mountains?" That collection of tales was written at Beersheba Springs. If you have not read them there is a treat in store for you. Every scene is as true to nature as description can make it, and as delightfully weird and quaint as the strange people you meet there.

ALICE MARY.

Exasperation.

There was an old person named Sam Who was wearied by Omar Khayyam. Fitzgerald, you know, Is the whole of the show; But this cult and this music, "Oh, d—!"

Charities and Correction.---No. 1.

Andrew Mercer Ontario Reformatory for Females and Refuge for Girls—Where the Inmates Dine Well for Less Than Three Cents a Meal.

One-half the world is unacquainted with how the other half lives, it can be said with considerable truth that but few in either half of our Provincial world know much of life in the institutions organized for charity, the education of unfortunates and the correction of the bad. Even those who daily pass and re-pass large buildings which they know to be asylums, prisons or reformatories, seldom take a second thought with regard to the tides in the affairs of men and women which bear with apparently irresistible force to those ponderous gates inscribed above the portal, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." The abandonment of hope is not the result of the long sentences to the prisons and reformatories, but it is the sense that from the life of the convict the good of the past is blotted out and the possibilities of the future are apt to be hopelessly obscured. It is to lift this sense of doom that the reformatory element has been pushed so strongly to the front in our penal institutions. Believing that perhaps more sympathy and greater help would be extended to those who leave these institutions with a hope of doing better, were more known of the conditions which led to vagrancy, misdemeanor and crime, a series of articles will be presented in "Saturday Night" which are intended to be more or less statistical, while aiming to be instructive and interesting. In no sense will anything of a sensational nature be introduced merely for the sake of creating interest either morbid or otherwise. Neither will anything be omitted for fear of shocking the unduly fastidious. There are many who think that the only way to deal with vice and crime is to ignore their existence, and pass the sinner with averted face and garments clutched closely for fear of contamination by the touch of those who have sinned, been found out and sent to a place of correction.

Thirty-two years ago, June 13, 1871, Andrew Mercer, a prosperous citizen of Ontario, died intestate and his estate of \$183,787 was escheated to the Crown, with the exception of \$30,000 given to a natural son, Andrew Mercer, jr. It was and is the law to so treat such estates, and, harsh as it may appear, it resulted in the instance named of \$80,000 of the money turned into the public till being expended in the erection of a reformatory institution for females in South Parkdale. Hon. J. R. Stratton, Provincial Secretary, answered my request for a permit to inspect any or all of the public institutions in his charge, by sending me a letter of introduction to the superintendent of the fourteen different asylums, reformatories and prisons, requesting that I be permitted to see everything, from cellar to garret, inside and out, from the office and books to the kitchens and dormitories. Accompanied by a thoroughly earnest lady member of "Saturday Night" staff I rang the bell of the office of the Mercer Reformatory on Saturday afternoon, December 5, and as "Canadiana" owing to the sex of the prisoners, was much more suited to the task of inspection, I left much of the work to her, and will be forced to deal briefly with what chiefly impressed me in going through the institution.

The first impression was the faint odor of soap and the spotless cleanliness which everywhere prevails—not a cleanliness which can be hastily produced, but that which is evidently the dominating feature of the housekeeping. With eighty women in the Reformatory and seventy-one girls in the Refuge, there could be no excuse for any different condition of things, but often things without excuse exist and are overlooked. In going through the building and having described the various purposes for which the wards and rooms are used, one cannot but be impressed with the bad architecture and wasteful division of the space made in the original plan. The building, with all its deficiencies, has been in use for over twenty-two years, and it is only recently that a thorough overhauling of it has characterized the administration. The lavatories have been taken from dark corners and the plumbing put in sanitary condition. The suites of large rooms used for laundry fill an entire wing, from basement to garret, and seem to have been planned to cause the greatest possible labor for the least possible result. One-third of the room when the changes are completed and proper appliances installed will largely increase the capacity of the laundry and probably double the output. The space released will be used for other much-needed purposes, for the Refuge and the Reformatory have practically reached the limit of inmates if classification is to be regarded. For instance, a large corridor with twelve, fourteen or sixteen cells may contain but three prisoners, who must be isolated on account of syphilis. This corridor, fortunately, is never filled, and at all times at least half of the room goes to waste. Another corridor is used for those convicted of keeping disorderly houses. There were but three of this class, but a whole corridor had to be devoted to them. The newly-arrived prisoners are also isolated for a week, and require a full corridor, though their number is by no means sufficient to fill it. The bad division of the space is seen almost everywhere, but it is to be hoped that the changes now under way, under the eye of the Provincial Secretary and his staff, will remedy many of the defects. From one end to the other the building is kept freshly painted and whitewashed by the inmates, who are by no means all averse to work.

The very situation of the Mercer, however, aside from its lack of architectural fitness, renders it unsuitable for reformatory purposes, and looking over the reports of Mr. Noxon, the inspector, and the lady superintendents, one cannot but be struck by the strong pleas made for a new building on a site removed twenty or thirty miles from any considerable center of population. When first erected the Reformatory stood alone in a large area of vacant property, but now this property is largely occupied by factories on one side and a baseball ground on the other, where the excitement and merriment of amusement-seekers distract the attention of inmates whom the teachers and attendants are seeking to attract to study and work. Small

garden plots are already utilized for flowers and vegetables, but with sufficient land, say twenty-five or thirty acres, the prisoners could have much more healthful and profitable exercise in tilling the soil in small but interesting and profitable ways.

Another plea which has been entered by those who have to do with the Reformatory institution is for an indeterminate sentence, leaving the period of retaining the prisoners largely in the hands of the officials of the institution. A considerable number of the inmates after their first discharge from the Reformatory have been recommitted many times. Last year 22 were sent for the second time, 17 for the third, eight for the fourth, three for the fifth, two for the sixth, four for the seventh, three for

the eighth, four for the ninth, three for the tenth, one for the thirteenth time, and one for the seventeenth time. It certainly would be much better to keep the almost hopelessly vicious people who are sent back so often for much longer periods at their first incarceration than their sentences at present provide. As Mrs. O'Sullivan's report sets forth: "The offender who is returned again and again is evidently not a fit person to be allowed full liberty. An indeterminate sentence, with a good system of probation, would, there is good reason to believe, benefit the cause of reform in this province as it is claimed to have done in other countries where that system has been tried." This, however, does not seem to me to be the strongest case it is possible to make

out for an indeterminate sentence. I was permitted to see a young woman in the isolated ward who in two or three days would complete her sixth term, averaging six months each. She was an uncurable syphilitic, who could not be recommended by the authorities to a place in any family or workshop, and as the superintendent told me it would be impossible for her to do anything but return to her former life. She was not quite twenty-three years of age, of French-Canadian extraction, with a simple, kindly face, and would not be called bad-looking. One can hardly conceive that a social and physical leper of this class would be knowingly discharged by the authorities, in all probability to spread the most loathsome of diseases amongst foolish and unbridled men and boys, as well as amongst the vicious. It is the law, however, and there is no means of detaining even such a prisoner beyond the period of the sentence. She was one of three inmates of the Reformatory in the same terrible condition, and amongst the seventy-one girls in the Refuge, who are admitted from

the ages of thirteen to sixteen, generally after every other effort has been tried in vain to reform them, there were eight similar patients. As a five-year sentence is possible in the Refuge, the discharge of these prisoners does not necessarily precede their cure. In the surgeon's report with regard to this class of prisoners reference is made to "nine occupying the isolated ward. Of this total only three were discharged cured, the other six leaving on account of expiration of sentence." Just think of it! There is a lazaretto at Tracadie, N.B., where lepers are isolated, far from the haunts of men from the moment of the discovery of their disease until their death, yet right in this large center of population other lepers of a different and no better sort are discharged to prey upon society and disseminate a terrible disease. The law should certainly be changed to make it possible to deal differently with these people. Some system of isolation should be established wherein loose characters who are thus infected can be permanently confined. These comments are not to be consid-

ered reflections upon the authorities, for everything has been done which could be done with the appropriation provided. That the Mercer is being greatly bettered is to the credit of the Administration; that it is not yet what it might become must remain in the hands of the people's representatives who form the Legislature. DON.

On passing the institution known as "The Mercer" one is given the fleeting impression of a solidly plain building, with that suggestion of severity always conveyed by barred windows. But my first impression of the interior as I followed the alert, capable-looking housekeeper across the hall, was one of ordered cheerfulness rather than prison gloom. In a reception-room that deepened this impression I was met by Mrs. O'Sullivan, the superintendent of the Mercer Reformatory, who in a brief conversation simply described and illustrated the formalities connected with the receiving of a prisoner. There is the warrant showing the circumstances of arrest and then follows the issuing of the writ of transfer, after which the prisoner passes into the custody of Mrs. Isabella Johnston, who is the warden in charge of all offenders transferred to the Reformatory. Mrs. Johnston takes charge of the prisoner at the jail and conveys her to the institution. The superintendent's receipt is sent to the Inspector of Prisons and Reformatories. The new inmate is given a bath and prison garments, her own clothing being disinfected and kept until the time of dismissal. The superintendent mentioned the case of one old woman who insists that her initial bath was the cause of a severe cold, and who views such measures with suspicion. The surgeon, Dr. John S. King, who visits the institution daily, makes a thorough examination of each new inmate. The reception-room for the new prisoners is large and well lighted, and one could but contrast such conditions with the horrors of prison life a century ago, as described by Dickens. Each prisoner is given complete and systematic registration, and in certain respects these records are sad enough as a human document.

A new inmate usually spends a week in the probation or receiving corridor, during which time something definite is ascertained regarding her character and requirements. A division has been made of the reformatory inmates into two classes—the younger (roughly speaking, those between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four) are kept, as much as possible, apart from the older offenders. There is an interesting difference to be noted between the women who come from Toronto and those from outside districts. Owing to the very difficulties of dealing satisfactorily with women vagrants in small towns or country places, an offender is more readily committed than in the city, and is usually sent for a longer term. The need for infinite patience and firmness in dealing with many city offenders will be evident when one considers that a woman will be seen on the street frequently before an arrest takes place, and she will probably be fined more than once before any committal is made. The lesson from the study of the inmates is only the old, old cry—"in youth there is hope." The terrible bondage of vice that has become a habit was more apparent than any stone walls or iron bars. Some of these women were moral slaves before they ever became prisoners.

Passing the bursar's office, which is a bright, neatly-furnished room, we went on to the door which leads to the prison proper. This door has a small panel that lifts to show who is waiting on the prison side of the entrance. The corridors along which we passed in the prison are bright and fairly shining with cleanliness. In fact, the latter quality is conventional in its nature. Floor, tables and benches, wherever we went, were alike in presenting a surface from which one might safely dine. The kitchen had odors even more pleasant than those of spotless surroundings, and the appetizing smell of stacks of loaves assured the visitor of the excellent quality of the bread. The training in the culinary department is of a practical and excellent order. The inmates are taught the value and uses of the different "cuts" of meat, and charts hanging on the walls show how thoroughly the animal to be disposed of is studied. Simplicity and thoroughness mark the arrangements for cooking, and I could not but feel that a woman with the slightest appreciation of the training received in the Mercer kitchens might go some distance in solving the domestic problem. I penetrated even as far as the furnace room, where a most affable engineer explained how cheaply the institution is heated—and truly the coal bill is wonderfully small when one considers how comfortably heated the institution is in its remotest corridors. In the dining-room, preparations were being made for the evening meal, which consisted of a dish of stewed figs, bread, and a bowl of tea. In fact, the expression used in Queen Anne's reign was correct here—"dish" of tea, from which rose a comforting vapor.

If one may judge from faces and forms, the inmates of the institution have a sufficiency of nourishing food, and yet the cost of the supply is so small as to be astonishing. During the month of August, for instance, the average cost of a meal for a Reformatory inmate was less than three cents; for a member of the staff, six cents and a half; for an inmate of the Refuge, two cents and a half. I was shown the order sheet containing a detailed statement of prices and supplies, which was a model household account in neatness and order. The girls in the Refuge naturally require a larger supply of milk than the inmates of the Reformatory, the latter seeming to find their chief comfort in the liberal supplies of tea. While the fare is extremely plain, it is well cooked and wholesome, and would compare favorably with what I have seen in some "boarding schools for young ladies." I dare say that many of the women in the Reformatory are receiving for the first time in their lives properly prepared and nourishing food. It is sad to think that they have to enter a prison to find out what order and cleanliness mean; but, on the other hand, it is encouraging to reflect that the institution is educating rather than "punishing" them. When one considers what must be the physical condition of most of the inmates on entrance, their healthy appearance speaks volumes for the care and nourishment they have received. The atmosphere of a home can be given by no "institution" on earth, educational or



CELL CORRIDOR.



LAUNDRY.



CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

punitive; but the comforts of a home are provided for the hitherto wandering inmates of the Reformatory.

The rooms in the corridors are small, but well-lighted, and furnished with all requisites. The beds are neatness itself in appearance, and there is nothing of the repulsive gloom that one has always associated with the word "cell." On Saturday afternoon most of the women seem to employ themselves with sewing or knitting. I saw the room set apart for a "refractory case." It is comfortable, though secluded, and it is also well lighted. When I asked the superintendent whether the "refractory" inmate were soon reduced to submission by being secluded, I was told that there were fewer cases of this nature than might be supposed, and that most of them yielded soon to solitary treatment. The remembrance of the stories of the tortures inflicted upon prisoners in the past came forcibly into my mind in comparison with the plain little room where the solitary prisoner might learn from loneliness the wisdom of obedience. The walls of the institution are cleaned daily by the inmates, and are in keeping with the general appearance of the institution. Several girls who were perched on ladders and were vigorously occupied in this cleansing operation seemed to be enjoying their work thoroughly. One colored girl, as is the way of her people, was giggling as if she found the toil a source of amusement.

Work, hard enough to fulfill its purpose but not such as to be sordidly degrading, is the prevailing feature of the institution. Washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, knitting and sewing ought to give some variety to the common task and prevent much dwelling on the life that preceded imprisonment. Every effort is made to banish gossip about unsavory experiences, and to prevent the more depraved inmates from contaminating those who are less experienced in evil. The work-rooms are well lighted, but, as has been stated, there has been a great waste of room and a poor arrangement for proper at-

Religious services are held twice on Sunday and three times during the week. Rev. Father Walsh is the Roman Catholic clergyman for the institution, and various clergymen from the Protestant churches hold services in the new Protestant chapel that was completed and opened last June. The chapels are comfortable, bright, and even artistic. There is no suggestion of prison life in their appearance and appointments. The coloring of walls and ceiling, the polished floors and attractive texts struck me as surrounding the small congregation with a material comfort and cheerfulness often lacking in "meeting-houses" outside. In the Roman Catholic chapel may be found the "Stations of the Cross" and other pictures of an elevating nature, while the sight of the "confessional" could not but suggest the strange and pitiful stories that the spiritual adviser must have heard in the many years that he has been ministering to the religious needs of the inmates. There are separate entrances for the women from the Reformatory and the girls from the Refuge.

The hospital, which was empty on my visit, is a large room with every facility for looking after the patients, and the surgery, in charge of a courteous attendant, has a business-like display of mortars and bottles. In fact, every provision of practical philanthropy is made for the care of the sick and diseased. Precautions are taken in the matter of disinfecting, and during last year no single case of contagious disease developed. The improvements recently made in plumbing, drainage and ventilation have unquestionably improved the physical condition of the inmates. During last year two infants were born in the institution. In spite of the care and attention that the mothers must have received, it is sad to reflect that these two Canadian boys, who may some day be worthy citizens, came into the world within the shadow of prison walls. The number of incapables, who should be sent to asylums, hospitals and homes for the aged, rather than to a reformatory,

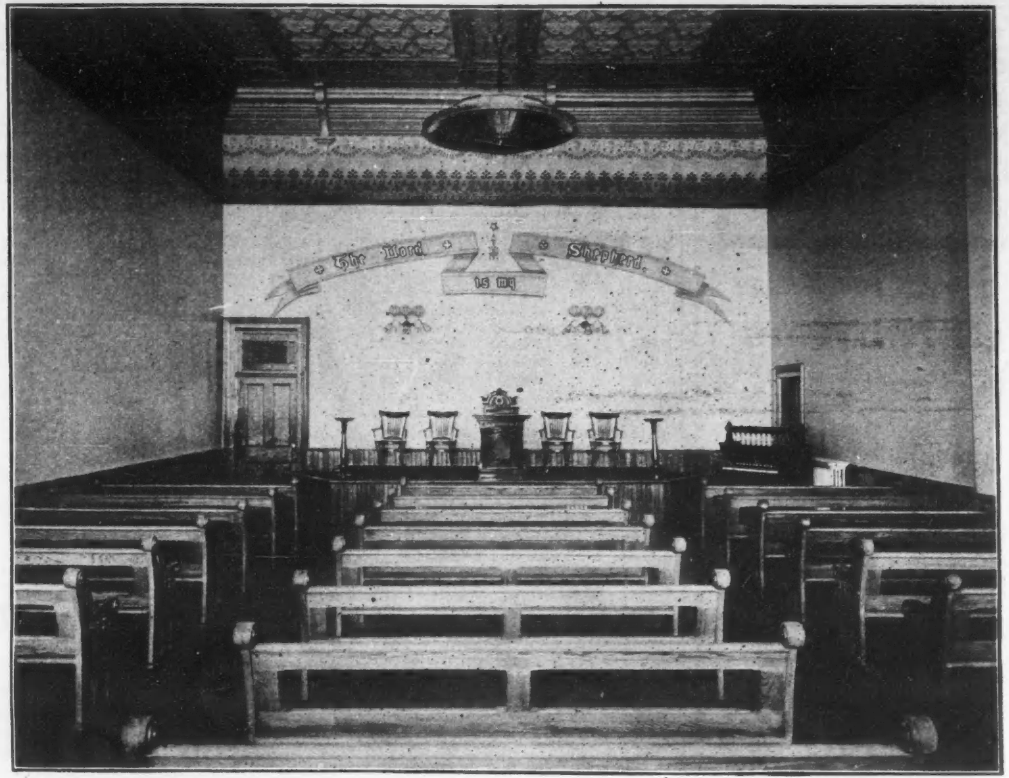
west must go—somewhere.

REFUGE FOR GIRLS.

The west wing of the institution consists of the Refuge for Girls, which is practically an institution separate from the Reformatory. The girls are admitted from thirteen to sixteen years of age, and here the indeterminate sentence is carried out with good results, the sentence being not less than two years or more than five. The principal, Miss M. C. Elliott, who has been in charge from the first year, is a most earnest and efficient official, who soon puts visitors in rapport with the work. In fact, it is impossible not to be interested from the human standpoint in these young girls, who have in some cases lacked every kindly and restraining influence, and whose future means so much to the community. They work at the same occupations as the inmates of the Reformatory, but each girl is in school four and a half hours during the day. The baking of bread is one of the most interesting features of the work, and each girl is encouraged to put forth strong individual effort, as the loaf is marked with the maker's name. No baker in the city need have been ashamed of such light and tempting loaves as were seen along the tables. The kitchen was cheery and animated with the neat young workers, who seemed to take an interest in their domestic undertakings. They wash, iron and sew, and the garments they manufacture are a credit to such youthful seamstresses. If they only realize the value of the training they are receiving they ought to be domestic servants of a professional class when they leave the Refuge.

I found the school-room the most attractive place in the building. Here were about forty girls, neatly clad in gowns of blue denim, learning, with every appearance of docility, what our public school children are being taught. The girls seemed to take a greater interest in literature than in any other subject, although, on being questioned,

considerable improvement has been recently made in equipment of the large classroom. The girls look well and happy. It was difficult to see in the assembled class any members who were distinctly



PROTESTANT CHAPEL.

acteristic abandon. But there is no place where they can get the proper degree of exercise without being exposed to influences decidedly unfavorable. The surroundings of the Refuge are not at all such as the institution needs. Factories and baseball grounds are about as undesirable environs as such a place could have. Remoteness from city life, and the gentle, wholesome influence arising from garden and orchard, are what such an establishment requires. The good results arising from life in the Refuge may be seen in the fact that the girls who have been there longest take least interest in the excitement and attractions of the outside world.

The Refuge has known a kind of evolutionary process. The class of girls once looked after now may be found in the Children's Shelter and similar institutions. The present inmates are, in many cases, girls who have been in Shelters and Homes, and who have proved refractory. The difficulties of dealing with such natures can readily be understood, and the Principal stated with sympathetic hopefulness that some girls had gone from the Refuge to take honorable positions, and had been numbered among the successful. Such accounts may well give hope, in spite of the terrible temptations to be encountered, even after five years of Refuge life. What does redemption mean? It means that a young creature whose girlish lips have drunk feverishly from the cup of dissipation, whose imagination has been befuddled by every low suggestion, until a life of calm and toil must be at times utter torture, has been cured of the thirst for the old mad delights, has been mentally cleansed of the stain of evil memories, and has achieved a victory which is greater than taking a city. In spite of its darkness and discouragement, the work has its compensation. It is necessary for the well-being of society that these girls should be placed under restraint. But if some can be reclaimed, if some can be sent forth healed, great work has been done. Is it worth while? The Priest and the Levite may be utterly sceptical, but the Good Samaritan knows better.

In such institutions as the Reformatory and the Refuge, the personality of those in authority has an importance that cannot be overestimated. It is mere justice to say that the Superintendent, Mrs. O'Sullivan, and the Principal, Miss Elliott, are peculiarly fitted for the discharge of the grave responsibilities they have undertaken. There is no disposition to conceal ugly facts, no desire to magnify the results of the institution's discipline, no utterance of "mealy-mouthed philanthropies. But

walls, there must be rescued souls who call the women who helped to raise and strengthen them, blessed indeed.

CANADIENNE.

Ballade of Louis XV. Mirror

Some laughing maid of honor here
Has set a rebel ringlet right.
To whisper with a sonneteer,
Or kiss a pretty page good-night,
And e'en a merry prelate might
Have lingered on the stair, alas!
To trifle with her curls in quite
The spirit of the looking-glass.
Or grandam bound her borrowed locks
And put the sorry years to flight
With perfume and with powder-box.
And deftly in the candle light
Touched withered cheeks with pink and white.
And played the old eternal farce,
Too faithful to that cruel spite,
The spirit of the looking-glass.
Here in the growing dawn, perchance,
Ere some red August sun grew bright,
Has stood a smiling lord of France,
And smoothed his dainty frills despite
The summons to the infinite
That thunder'd from the bloody "Place,"
When life was all too short to slight
The spirit of the looking-glass.

L'ENVOI.

Mirror, mine idle rhyme require—
Can ever mortal love surpass,
Bethink you, in my lady's sight,
The spirit of the looking-glass?
—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Answer She Deserved.

A popular commercial traveler attended a large social gathering one evening and after the supper was over was promenading with one of the guests, a young lady, to whom he had just been introduced. In the course of the conversation the subject of business came up, and she said:
"By the way, Mr. Scott, may I ask what your occupation is?"
"Certainly," he answered, "I am a commercial traveler."
"How very interesting! Do you know, Mr. Scott, that in the part of the country where I reside commercial travelers are not received in good society?"
"Quick as a flash he rejoined:
"They are not here, either, madam."—Louisville "Herald."

He—Didn't you know that you were standing under the mistletoe?
She—Why, no! I didn't feel anything.

An Odd Gypsy Custom.

In Hungary, when the question of the baby's future comes up for discussion among the gypsies, there is no time



REFUGE BAKERY.

tendance. The women are expected to work quietly and decorously, and the attendant must be a person possessing not only disciplinary force, but a knowledge of how best to appeal to human nature that has been warped if not destroyed. It must be remembered that the inmates are, as a class, ignorant of the simplest domestic duties. They must in many cases, be taught to wash, to cook and to sew. When they are unwilling to learn, of course the difficulty of instruction is twice as great. The garments I saw were well made and neat, and the mending of clothing is systematically looked after. There should be a larger supply of machines for the sewing department, where there are only two that may be used, and these are, as the report states, "of an obsolete pattern." Some of the women seem to display a fondness for the eternally feminine occupation of knitting, and I saw a very dainty and attractive bit of lace made by one of the inmates. An effort is apparent to rouse the women to an interest in the work for its own sake, to an appreciation of successful achievement. There seemed to be on the part of superintendent and attendants a readiness to encourage and praise conscientious toil that must itself appeal to what is best in the toilers. An additional instructor in the sewing department would, no doubt, make a great difference in the efficiency of that work, as there seems at present too much for one attendant to look after. However, in spite of certain requirements in both laundry and sewing rooms, excellent work is being accomplished, and, during the last two years, much has evidently been done to improve the facilities for productive employment.

During the school year the Prisoners' Aid Association provide a teacher for four evenings each week, and I was told that the women show a ready appreciation of the instruction given. Both the illiterate and those who have some knowledge of reading and writing attend these classes. There is a library from which the inmates are supplied with reading matter, and they seem to appreciate the books which are given out—although in some cases the margins are torn off and used as note-paper. The problem of proper recreation is a difficult one to solve. The situation and surroundings of the Reformatory are such that the women can hardly, with safety and propriety, get much exercise outside. Then there is the necessity for careful separation in hours of recreation of the more hardened offenders from the comparatively innocent. Mrs. O'Sullivan, in her report, favors the abolition of "recreation," and the establishment of some other exercise.

tory, appears, according to Dr. King's report, to increase from year to year. I believe the National Council of Women have taken up the question of the care of feeble-minded women, and it is to be hoped their efforts will result in better provision for such cases.

In conclusion, it may be said that the impression left by a visit to the Reformatory is that a capable and conscientious staff is making every effort to reclaim by kindly discipline those who have failed and fallen, but some of whom may yet be useful instead of menacing to the community. All that steady work, thorough teaching and moral and religious influences can effect is being exercised. The nature must be callous indeed that will not respond in some measure to the healthy moral and physical life of such an institution, and that will not be influenced to some degree by contact with women of excellence and refinement, such as I found the members of the staff to be. The depressing reflections, consequent upon such a visit, arose from considering the conditions that brought these women to the Reformatory, and that will confront them after dismissal. There are certain inmates that should not be in the institution at all. For instance, I saw one elderly woman who is plainly the victim of tuberculosis, and whose place is not in a prison. The question of care of the feeble-minded is also pressing, for as the superintendent's report states, these poor creatures, after dismissal, are only too likely to become the mothers of children more feeble-minded than the parents, thus adding a serious burden to the State. The hope of permanent good being done to an inmate who has a sentence of but a few months is slender indeed. The fascinations of the old lawless life are too great to be resisted by the woman who has caught hardly more than a glimpse of law and order. On leaving the Reformatory, the woman is given proper clothing, but no money. She is taken to the station by the authorities, if she is to leave Toronto, and her ticket is purchased. Then, perhaps, the discipline has not been in vain, or, perhaps, the last state of that woman is worse than the first, the plunge into evil being all the deeper for the season of restraint. A young woman who was to leave within a few days, had her pile of clothing neatly arranged in preparation for departure. What awaits her in the world beyond the Mercer gates? Will she tire of work and sicken of dull regularity, and will she come back once more to those clean halls and spend another half year in a little white room? It is not pleasant speculation, but, after all, it is a thread in the tangled skein we call life, and these women who pass from the plain brick building out King street

many professed a fondness for that inflexible subject, arithmetic. I heard several girls read. The selection was Dickens' "Death of Little Nell," and the clear enunciation and intelligent grasp of the emotional qualities of the passage would have put to the blush many children trained in other schools. Made choice of one reader myself, and there seemed no effort to put forward "special" pupils. Then a mistake made by one reader was pointed out by a member of the class. When one re-

degenerates. It was the testimony of more than one member of the staff that the girls showed a genuine fondness for study, and became interested in making progress and conquering difficulties. In department, they are quiet and respectful, being trained to rise on the entrance of the Superintendent or the Principal. Here it is that the most hopeful work is being done. I may say that both the Superintendent and the Principal expressed themselves as strongly opposed to co-education, and such an expression



REFUGE DINING-ROOM.

bers that these girls must have is worthy of the most thoughtful consideration, coming as it does from two broad-minded Christian women, who are in a position to know that of which they speak. The girls were as happy and bright and industry and sympathy. The accommodations were under no restraint whatever, walk-ers concerned, is not complete, but ring about and singing with youth's char-

while they are clear-eyed and firm, there is a very real sympathy with those who have stumbled and suffered, and a readiness to rejoice over every sign of improvement. Many, no doubt, go away hardly affected by the efforts put forward for their reformation. But among those who serve their sentence and return to the world beyond the prison

wasted in argument. A blanket is held by the four corners and the baby is thrown into the air. If it comes down on its little stomach it is a sign that it is going to be a musician; if it falls on its back it is to be a thief, and the education of the child is begun as soon as possible in one of these two time-honored professions.

Charities and Correction.---No. 1.

Andrew Mercer Ontario Reformatory for Females and Refuge for Girls—Where the Inmates Dine Well for Less Than Three Cents a Meal.

IF one-half the world is unacquainted with how the other half lives, it can be said with considerable truth that but few in either half of our Provincial world know much of life in the institutions organized for charity, the education of unfortunate and the correction of the bad. Even those who daily pass and repass large buildings which they know to be asylums, prisons or reformatories, seldom take a second thought with regard to the tides in the affairs of men and women which bear with apparently irresistible force to those ponderous gates hundreds of people who feel that there is inscribed above the portal, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." The abandonment of hope is not the result of the long sentences to the prisons and reformatories, but it is the sense that from the life of the convict the good of the past is blotted out and the possibilities of the future are apt to be hopelessly obscured. It is to lift this sense of doom that the reformatory element has been pushed so strongly to the front in our penal institutions. Believing that perhaps more sympathy and greater help would be extended to those who leave these institutions with a hope of doing better, were more known of the conditions which led to vagrancy, misdemeanor and crime, a series of articles will be presented in "Saturday Night" which are intended to be more or less statistical, while aiming to be instructive and interesting. In no sense will anything of a sensational nature be introduced merely for the sake of creating interest either morbid or otherwise. Neither will anything be omitted for fear of shocking the unduly fastidious. There are many who think that the only way to deal with vice and crime is to ignore their existence, and pass the sinner with averted face and garments clutched closely for fear of contamination by the touch of those who have sinned, been found out and sent to a place of correction.

Thirty-two years ago, June 13, 1871, Andrew Mercer, a prosperous citizen of Ontario, died intestate and his estate of \$183,787 was escheated to the Crown, with the exception of \$30,000 given to a natural son, Andrew Mercer, jr. It was and is the law to so treat such estates, and, harsh as it may appear, it resulted in the instance named of \$153,787 of the money turned into the public till being expended in the erection of a reformatory institution for females in South Parkdale. Hon. J. R. Stratton, Provincial Secretary, answered my request for a permit to inspect any or all of the public institutions in his charge, by sending me a letter of introduction to the superintendents of the fourteen different asylums, reformatories and prisons, requesting that I be permitted to see everything, from cellar to garret, inside and out, from the office and books to the kitchens and dormitories. Accompanied by a thoroughly earnest lady member of "Saturday Night" staff I rang the bell of the office of the Mercer Reformatory on Saturday afternoon, December 3, and as "Canadiana" owing to the sex of the prisoners, was much more suited to the task of inspection, I left much of the work to her, and will be forced to deal briefly with what chiefly impressed me in going through the institution.

The first impression was the faint odor of soap and the spotless cleanliness which everywhere prevails—not a cleanliness which can be hastily produced, but that which is evidently the dominating feature of the housekeeping. With eighty women in the Reformatory and seventy-one girls in the Refuge, there could be no excuse for any different condition of things, but often things without excuse exist and are overlooked. In going through the building and having described the various purposes for which the wards and rooms are used, one cannot but be impressed with the bad architecture and wasteful division of the space made in the original plan. The building, with all its deficiencies, has been in use for over twenty-two years, and it is only recently that a thorough overhauling of it has characterized the administration. The lavatories have been taken from dark corners and the plumbing put in sanitary condition. The suites of large rooms used for laundry fill an entire wing, from basement to garret, and seem to have been planned to cause the greatest possible labor for the least possible result. One-third of the room where the changes are completed and proper appliances installed will largely increase the capacity of the laundry and probably double the output. The space released will be used for other much-needed purposes, for the Refuge and the Reformatory have practically reached the limit of inmates if classification is to be regarded. For instance, a large corridor with twelve, fourteen or sixteen cells may contain but three prisoners, who must be isolated on account of syphilis. This corridor, fortunately, is never filled, and at all times at least half of the room goes to waste. Another corridor is used for those convicted of keeping disorderly houses. There were but three of this class, but a whole corridor had to be devoted to them. The newly-arrived prisoners are also isolated for a week, and require a full corridor, though their number is by no means sufficient to fill it. The bad division of the space is seen almost everywhere, but it is to be hoped that the changes now under way, under the eye of the Provincial Secretary and his staff, will remedy many of the defects. From one end to the other the building is kept freshly painted and whitewashed by the inmates, who are by no means all averse to work.

The very situation of the Mercer, however, aside from its lack of architectural fitness, renders it unsuitable for reformatory purposes, and looking over the reports of Mr. Norton, the inspector, and the lady superintendents, one cannot but be struck by the strong pleas made for a new building on a site removed twenty or thirty miles from any considerable center of population. When first erected the Reformatory stood alone in a large area of vacant property, but now this property is largely occupied by factories on one side and a baseball ground on the other, where the excitement and merriment of amusement-seekers distract the attention of inmates whom the teachers and attendants are seeking to attract to study and work. Small

garden plots are already utilized for flowers and vegetables, but with sufficient land, say twenty-five or thirty acres, the prisoners could have much more healthful and profitable exercise in tilling the soil in small but interesting and profitable ways.

Another plea which has been entered by those who have to do with the Reformatory institution is for an indeterminate sentence, leaving the period of retaining the prisoners largely in the hands of the officials of the institution. A considerable number of the inmates after their first discharge from the Reformatory have been recommitted many times. Last year 22 were sent for the second time, 17 for the third, eight for the fourth, three for the fifth, two for the sixth, four for the seventh, three for

the eighth, four for the ninth, three for the tenth, one for the thirteenth time. It certainly would be much better to keep the almost hopelessly vicious people who are sent back so often for much longer periods at their first incarceration than their sentences at present provide. As Mrs. O'Sullivan's report sets forth: "The offender who is returned again and again is evidently not a fit person to be allowed full liberty. An indeterminate sentence, with a good system of probation, would, there is good reason to believe, benefit the cause of reform in this province as it is claimed to have done in other countries where that system has been tried." This, however, does not seem to me to be the strongest case it is possible to make

out for an indeterminate sentence. I was permitted to see a young woman in the isolated ward who in two or three days would complete her sixth term, averaging six months each. She was an uneducated syphilitic, who could not be recommended by the authorities to a place in any family or workshop, and as the superintendent told me it would be impossible for her to do anything but return to her former life. She was not quite twenty-three years of age, of French-Canadian extraction, with a simple, kindly face, and would not be called bad-looking. One can hardly conceive that a social and physical leper of this class would be knowingly discharged by the authorities, in all probability to spread the most loathsome of diseases amongst foolish and unbridled men and boys, as well as amongst the vicious. It is the law, however, and there is no means of detaining even such a prisoner beyond the period of the sentence. She was one of three inmates of the Reformatory in the same terrible condition, and amongst the seventy-one girls in the Refuge, who are admitted from

the ages of thirteen to sixteen, generally after every other effort has been tried in vain to reform them, there were eight similar patients. As a five-year sentence is possible in the Refuge, the discharge of these prisoners does not necessarily precede their cure. In the surgeon's report with regard to this class of prisoners reference is made to "nine occupying the isolated ward. Of this total only three were discharged cured, the other six leaving on account of expiration of sentence." Just think of it! There is a lazaretto at Tracadie, N.B., where lepers are isolated, far from the haunts of men from the moment of the discovery of their disease until their death, yet right in this large center of population other lepers of a different and no better sort are discharged to prey upon society and disseminate a terrible disease. The law should certainly be changed to make it possible to deal differently with these people. Some system of isolation should be established wherein loose characters who are thus infected can be permanently confined.

These comments are not to be consid-

ered reflections upon the authorities, for everything has been done which could be done with the appropriation provided. That the Mercer is being greatly bettered is to the credit of the Administration; that it is not yet what it might become must remain in the hands of the people's representatives who form the Legislature. DON.

On passing the institution known as "The Mercer" one is given the fleeting impression of a solidly plain building, with that suggestion of severity always conveyed by barred windows. But my first impression of the interior as I followed the alert, capable-looking housekeeper across the hall, was one of ordered cheerfulness rather than prison gloom. In a reception-room that deepened this impression I was met by Mrs. O'Sullivan, the superintendent of the Mercer Reformatory, who in a brief conversation simply described and illustrated the formalities connected with the receiving of a prisoner. There is the warrant showing the circumstances of arrest and then follows the issuing of the writ of transfer, after which the prisoner passes into the custody of Mrs. Isabella Johnston, who is bailiff in charge of all offenders transferred to the Reformatory. Mrs. Johnston takes charge of the prisoner at the jail and conveys her to the institution. The superintendent's receipt is sent to the Inspector of Prisons and Reformatories. The new inmate is given a bath and prison garments, her own clothing being disinfected and kept until the time of dismissal. The superintendent mentioned the case of one old woman who insists that her initial bath was the cause of a severe cold, and who views such measures with suspicion. The surgeon, Dr. John S. King, who visits the institution daily, makes a thorough examination of each new inmate. The reception-room for the new prisoners is large and well lighted, and one could but contrast such conditions with the horrors of prison life a century ago, as described by Dickens. Each prisoner is given complete and systematic registration, and in certain respects these records are as good as a human document.

A new inmate usually spends a week in the probation or receiving corridor, during which time something definite is ascertained regarding her character and requirements. A division has been made of the reformatory inmates into two classes—the younger (roughly speaking, those between the ages of sixteen and twenty-four) are kept, as much as possible, apart from the older offenders. There is an interesting difference to be noted between the women who come from Toronto and those from outside districts. Owing to the very difficulties of dealing satisfactorily with women vagrants in small towns or country places, an offender is more readily committed than in the city, and is usually sent for a longer term. The need for infinite patience and firmness in dealing with many city offenders will be evident when one considers that a woman will be seen on the street frequently before an arrest takes place, and she will probably be fined more than once before any committal is made. The lesson from the study of the inmates is only the old, old cry—"in youth there is hope." The terrible bondage of vice that has become a habit was more apparent than any stone walls or iron bars. Some of these women were moral slaves before they ever became prisoners.

Passing the bursar's office, which is a bright, neatly-furnished room, we went on to the door which leads to the prison proper. This door has a small panel that lifts to show who is waiting on the prison side of the entrance. The corridors along which we passed in the prison are bright and fairly shining with cleanliness. In fact, the latter quality is conventional in its nature. Floor, tables and benches, wherever we went, were alike in presenting a surface from which one might safely dine. The kitchen had odors even more pleasant than those of spotless surroundings, and the appetizing smell of stacks of loaves assured the visitor of the excellent quality of the bread. The training in the culinary department is of a practical and excellent order. The inmates are taught the value and uses of the different "cuts" of meat, and charts hanging on the walls show how thoroughly the animal to be disposed of is studied. Simplicity and thoroughness mark the arrangements for cooking, and I could not but feel that a woman with the slightest appreciation of the training received in the Mercer kitchens might go some distance in solving the domestic problem. I penetrated even as far as the furnace room, where a most affable engineer explained how cheaply the institution is heated—and truly the coal bill is wonderfully small when one considers how comfortably heated the institution is in its remotest corridors. In the dining-room, preparations were being made for the evening meal, which consisted of a dish of stewed figs, bread, and a bowl of tea. In fact, the expression used in Queen Anne's reign was correct here—a "dish" of tea, from which rose a comforting vapor.

If one may judge from faces and forms, the inmates of the institution have a sufficiency of nourishing food, and yet the cost of the supply is so small as to be astonishing. During the month of August, for instance, the average cost of a meal for a Reformatory inmate was less than three cents; for a member of the staff, six cents and a half; for an inmate of the Refuge, two cents and a half. I was shown the order sheet containing a detailed statement of prices and supplies, which was a model household account in neatness and order. The girls in the Refuge naturally require a larger supply of milk than the inmates of the Reformatory, the latter seeming to find their quiet comfort in the liberal supplies of tea. While the fare is extremely plain, it is well cooked and wholesome, and would compare favorably with what I have seen in some "boarding schools for young ladies." I dare say that many of the women in the Reformatory are receiving for the first time in their lives properly prepared and nourishing food. It is sad to think that they have to enter a prison to find out what order and cleanliness mean; but, on the other hand, it is encouraging to reflect that the institution is educating rather than "punishing" them. When one considers what must be the physical condition of most of the inmates on entrance, their healthy appearance speaks volumes for the care and nourishment they have received. The atmosphere of a home can be given by no "institution" on earth, educational or



CELL CORRIDOR.



LAUNDRY.



CATHOLIC CHAPEL.

punitive; but the comforts of a home are provided for the hitherto wandering inmates of the Reformatory.

The rooms in the corridors are small, but well-lighted, and furnished with all requisites. The beds are neatness itself in appearance, and there is nothing of the repulsive gloom that one has always associated with the word "cell." On Saturday afternoon most of the women seem to employ themselves with sewing or knitting. I saw the room set apart for a "refractory case." It is comfortable, though secluded, and it is also well lighted. When I asked the superintendent whether the "refractory" inmates were soon reduced to submission by being secluded, I was told that there were fewer cases of this nature than might be supposed, and that most of them yielded soon to solitary treatment. The remembrance of the stories of the tortures inflicted upon prisoners in the past came forcibly into my mind in comparison with the plain little room where the solitary prisoner might learn from loneliness the wisdom of obedience. The walls of the institution are cleaned daily by the inmates, and are in keeping with the general appearance of the institution. Several girls who were perched on ladders and were vigorously occupied in this cleansing operation seemed to be enjoying their work thoroughly. One colored girl, as the way of her people, was giggling as she found the toil a source of amusement.

Work, hard enough to fulfil its purpose but not such as to be sordidly degrading, is the prevailing feature of the institution. Washing, ironing, baking, scrubbing, knitting and sewing ought to give some variety to the common task and prevent much dwelling on the life that preceded imprisonment. Every effort is made to banish gossip about unsavory experiences, and to prevent the more depraved inmates from contaminating those who are less experienced in evil. The work-rooms are well lighted, but, as has been stated, there has been a great waste of room and a poor arrangement for proper at-

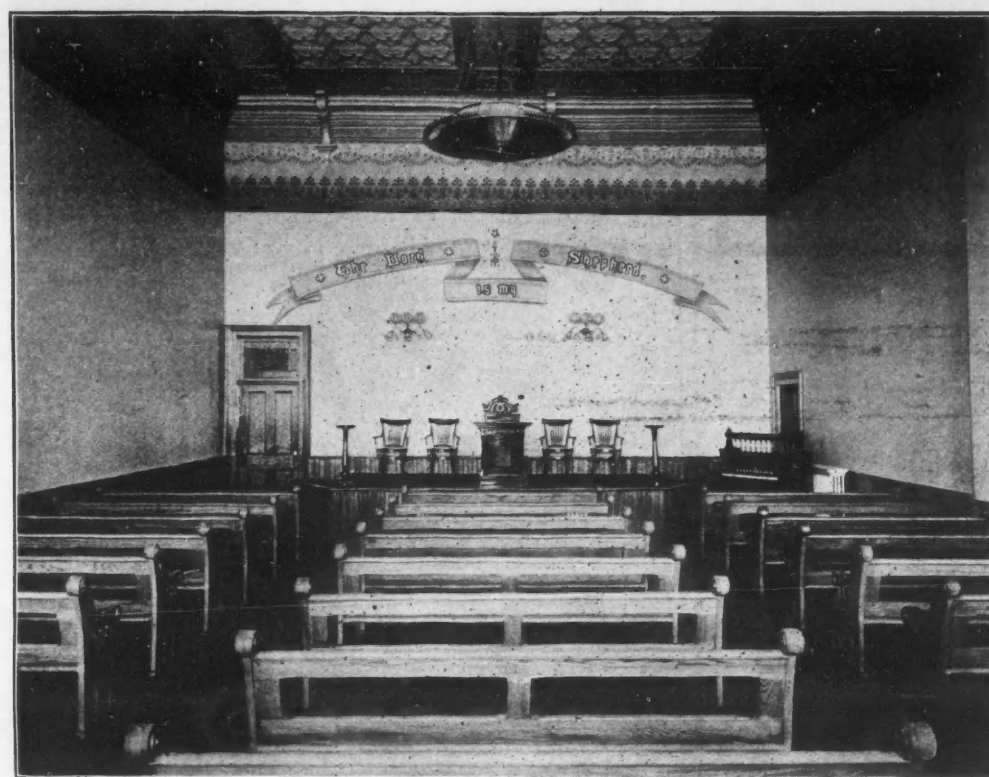
Religious services are held twice on Sunday and three times during the week. Rev. Father Walsh is the Roman Catholic clergyman for the institution, and various clergymen from the Protestant churches hold services in the new Protestant chapel that was completed and opened last June. The chapel is comfortable, bright, and even artistic. There is no suggestion of prison life in their appearance and appointments. The coloring of walls and ceiling, the polished floors and attractive texts struck me as surrounding the small congregation with a material comfort and cheerfulness often lacking in "meeting-houses" outside. In the Roman Catholic chapel outside may be found the "Stations of the Cross" and other pictures of an elevating nature, while the sight of the "confessional" could not but suggest the strange and pitiful stories that the spiritual adviser must have heard in the many years that he has been ministering to the religious needs of the inmates. There are separate entrances for the women from the Reformatory and the girls from the Refuge.

The hospital, which was empty on my visit, is a large room with every facility for looking after the patients, and the surgery, in charge of a courteous attendant, has a business-like display of mortars and bottles. In fact, every provision of practical philanthropy is made for the care of the sick and diseased. Precautions are taken in the matter of disinfecting, and during last year no single case of contagious disease developed. The improvements recently made in plumbing, drainage and ventilation have unquestionably improved the physical condition of the inmates. During last year two infants were born in the institution. In spite of the care and attention that the mothers must have received, it is sad to reflect that these two Canadian boys, who may some day be worthy citizens, came into the world within the shadow of prison walls. The number of incapables, who should be sent to asylums, hospitals and homes for the aged, rather than to a reformatory, west must go—somewhere.

REFUGE FOR GIRLS.

The west wing of the institution consists of the Refuge for Girls, which is practically an institution separate from the Reformatory. The girls are admitted from thirteen to sixteen years of age, and here the indeterminate sentence is carried out with good results, the sentence being not less than two years or more than five. The principal, Miss M. C. Elliott, who has been in charge from the first year, is a most earnest and efficient official, who soon puts visitors in rapport with the work. In fact, it is impossible not to be interested from the human standpoint in these young girls, who have in some cases lacked every kindly and restraining influence, and whose future means so much to the community. They work at the same occupations as the inmates of the Reformatory, but each girl is in school four and a half hours during the day. The baking of bread is one of the most interesting features of the work, and each girl is encouraged to put forth strong individual effort, as the loaf is marked with the maker's name. No baker in the city need have been ashamed of such light and tempting loaves as were seen along the tables. The kitchen was cheery and animated with the neat young workers, who seemed to take an interest in their domestic undertakings. They wash, iron and sew, and the garments they manufacture are a credit to such youthful seamstresses. If they only realize the value of the training they are receiving they ought to be domestic servants of a professional class when they leave the Refuge.

I found the school-room the most attractive place in the building. Here were about forty girls, neatly clad in gowns of blue denim, learning, with every appearance of docility, what our public school children are being taught. The girls seemed to take a greater interest in literature than in any other subject, although, on being questioned,



PROTESTANT CHAPEL.

considerable improvement has been recently made in equipment of the large classroom. The girls look well and happy. It was difficult to see in the assembled class any members who were distinctly

characteristic abandon. But there is no place where they can get the proper degree of exercise without being exposed to influences decidedly unfavorable. The surroundings of the Refuge are not at all such as the institution needs. Factories and baseball grounds are about as undesirable environs as such a place could have. Remoteness from city life, and the gentle, wholesome influence arising from garden and orchard, are what such an establishment requires. The good results arising from life in the Refuge may be seen in the fact that the girls who have been there longest take least interest in the excitement and attractions of the outside world.

The Refuge has known a kind of evolutionary process. The class of girls once looked after now may be found in the Children's Shelter and similar institutions. The present inmates are, in many cases, girls who have been in Shelters and Homes, and who have proved refractory. The difficulties of dealing with such natures can readily be understood, and the Principal stated with sympathetic hopefulness that some girls had gone from the Refuge to take honorable positions, and had been numbered among the successful. Such accounts may well give hope, in spite of the terrible temptations to be encountered, even after five years of Refuge life. What does redemption mean? It means that a young creature whose girlish lips have drunk feverishly from the

cup of temptation, whose imagination has been befouled by every low suggestion, until a life of calm and toil must be at times utter torture, has been cured of the thirst for the old mad delights, has been mentally cleansed of the stain of evil memories, and has achieved the victory which is greater than taking a city. In spite of its darkness and discouragement, the work has its compensation. It is necessary for the well-being of society that these girls should be placed under restraint. But if some can be reclaimed, if some can be sent forth healed, a great work has been done. Is it worth while? The Principal and the Levite may be utterly sceptical, but the Good Samaritan knows better.

In such institutions as the Reformatory and the Refuge, the personality of those in authority has an importance that cannot be overestimated. It is mere justice to say that the Superintendent, Mrs. O'Sullivan, and the Principal, Miss Elliott, are peculiarly fitted for the discharge of the grave responsibilities they have undertaken. There is no disposition to conceal ugly facts, no desire to magnify the results of the institution's discipline, no utterance of "mealy-mouthed philanthropies. But

walls, there must be rescued souls who call the women who helped to raise and strengthen them, blessed indeed.

CANADIENNE.

Ballade of Louis XV. M'rror

Some laughing maid of honor here
Has set a rebel ringlet right.
To whisper with a sonneteer.
Or kiss a pretty page good-night.
And 'en a merry prelate might
Have lingered on the stair, alas!
To trifle with her curls in quite
The spirit of the looking-glass.

Or grandam bound her borrowed locks
And put the sorry years to flight
With perfume and with powder-box.
And deftly in the candle light
Touched wither'd cheeks with pink and
white.
And played the old eternal farce,
Too faithful to that cruel sprite,
The spirit of the looking-glass.

Here in the growing dawn, perchance,
Ere some red August sun grew bright,
Has stood a smiling lord of France,
And smoothed his dainty frills despite
The summons to the infinite
That thunder'd from the bloody "Place,"
When life was all too short to slight
The spirit of the looking-glass.

L'ENVOI.

Mirror, mine idle rhyme requite—
Can ever, in mortal love surpass,
Bethink you, in my lady's sight,
The spirit of the looking-glass?
—Pall Mall Gazette.

An Answer She Deserved.

A popular commercial traveler attended a large social gathering one evening and after the supper was over was promenading with one of the guests, a young lady, to whom he had just been introduced. In the course of the conversation the subject of business came up, and she said:
"By the way, Mr. Scott, may I ask what your occupation is?"
"Certainly," he answered, "I am a commercial traveler."
"How very interesting! Do you know, Mr. Scott, that in the part of the country where I reside commercial travelers are not received in good society?"
Quick as a flash he rejoined:
"They are not here, either, madam."—
Louisville "Herald."

He—Didn't you know that you were standing under the mistletoe?
She—Why, no! I didn't feel anything.

An Odd Gypsy Custom.

In Hungary, when the question of the baby's future comes up for discussion among the gypsies, there is no time



REFUGE BAKERY.

tendance. The women are expected to work quietly and decorously, and the attendant must be a person possessing not only disciplinary force, but a knowledge of how best to appeal to human nature that has been warped if not destroyed. It must be remembered that the inmates are, as a class, ignorant of the simplest domestic duties. They must in many cases, be taught to wash, to cook and to sew. When they are unwilling to learn, of course the difficulty of instruction is twice as great. The garments I saw were well made and neat, and the mending of clothing is systematically looked after. There should be a larger supply of machines for the sewing department, where there are only two that may be used, and these are, as the report states, "of an obsolete pattern." Some of the women seem to display a fondness for the eternally feminine occupation of knitting, and I saw a very dainty and attractive bit of lace made by one of the inmates. An effort is apparent to rouse the women to an interest in the work for its own sake, to an appreciation of successful achievement. There seemed to be on the part of superintendent and attendants a readiness to encourage and praise conscientious toil that must in itself appeal to what is best in the toilers. An additional instructor in the sewing department would, no doubt, make a great difference in the efficiency of that work, as there seems at present too much for one attendant to look after. However, in spite of certain requirements in both laundry and sewing rooms, excellent work is being accomplished, and during the last two years, much has evidently been done to improve the facilities for productive employment.

During the school year the Prisoners' Aid Association provide a teacher for four evenings each week, and I was told that the women show a ready appreciation of the instruction given. Both the illiterate and those who have some knowledge of reading and writing attend these classes. There is a library from which the inmates are supplied with reading matter, and they seem to appreciate the books which are given out—although in some cases the margins are torn off and used as notepaper. The problem of proper recreation is a difficult one to solve. The situation and surroundings of the Reformatory are such that the women can hardly, with safety and propriety, get much exercise outside. Then there is the necessity for careful separation in hours of recreation of the more hardened offenders from the comparatively innocent. Mrs. O'Sullivan, in her report, favors the abolition of "recreation," and the establishment of some other exercise.

tory, appears, according to Dr. King's report, to increase from year to year. I believe the National Council of Women have taken up the question of the care of feeble-minded women, and it is to be hoped their efforts will result in better provision for such cases. In conclusion, it may be said that the impression left by a visit to the Reformatory is that a capable and conscientious staff is making every effort to reclaim by kindly discipline those who have failed and fallen, but some of whom may yet be useful instead of menacing to the community. All that steady work, thorough teaching and moral and religious influences can effect is being exercised. The nature must be callous indeed that will not respond in some measure to the healthy moral and physical life of such an institution, and that will not be influenced to some degree by contact with women of excellence and refinement, such as I found the members of the staff to be. The depressing reflections, consequent upon such a visit, arose from considering the conditions that brought these women to the Reformatory, and that will confront them after dismissal. There are certain inmates that should not be in the institution at all. For instance, I saw one elderly woman who is plainly the victim of tuberculosis, and whose place is not in a prison. The question of care of the feeble-minded is also pressing, for as the superintendent's report states, these poor creatures, after dismissal, are only too likely to become the mothers of children more feeble-minded than the parents, thus adding a serious burden to the State. The hope of permanent good being done to an inmate who has a sentence of but a few months is slender indeed. The fascinations of the old lawless life are too great to be resisted by the woman who has caught hardly more than a glimpse of law and order. On leaving the Reformatory, the woman is given proper clothing, but no money. She is taken to the station by the authorities, if she is to leave Toronto, and her ticket is purchased. Then, perhaps, the discipline has not been in vain, or, perhaps, the last state of that woman is worse than the first, the plunge into evil being all the deeper for the season of restraint. A young woman who was to leave within a few days, had her pile of clothing neatly arranged in preparation for departure. What awaits her in the world beyond the Mercer gates? Will she tire of work and sicken of dull regularity, and will she come back once more to those clean halls and spend another half-year in a little white room? It is not pleasant speculation, but, after all, it is a thread in the tangled skein we call life, and these women who pass from the plain brick building out King street

many professed a fondness for that unfeminine subject, arithmetic. I heard several girls read. The selection was Dickens' "Death of Little Nell," and the clear enunciation and intelligent grasp of the emotional qualities of the passage would have put to the blush many children trained in other schools. made choice of one reader myself, and there seemed no effort to put forward "special" pupils. Then a mistake made by one reader was pointed out by a member of the class. When one remem-

degenerates. It was the testimony of more than one member of the staff that the girls showed a genuine fondness for study, and became interested in making progress and conquering difficulties. In progress and conquering difficulties, they are quiet and respectful, being trained to rise on the entrance of the Superintendent or the Principal. Here it is that the most hopeful work is being done. I may say that both the Superintendent and the Principal expressed themselves as strongly opposed to co-education, and such an expression



REFUGE DINING-ROOM.

bers that these girls must have habits conducive to anything but staid consideration, coming as it does from two that the mental condition must be broad-minded Christian women, who are in a position to know that of which they speak.

The girls were as happy and bright during the recreation period as if they were under no restraint whatever, walking about and singing with youth's char-

while they are clear-eyed and firm, there is a very real sympathy with those who have stumbled and suffered, and a readiness to rejoice over every sign of improvement. Many, no doubt, go away hardly affected by the efforts put forth for their reformation. But among those who serve their sentence and return to the world beyond the prison

wasted in argument. A blanket is held by the four corners and the baby is thrown into the air. If it comes down on its little stomach it is a sign that it is going to be a musician; if it falls on its back it is to be a thief, and the education of the child is begun as soon as possible in one of these two time-honored professions.

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There was a young lady of Skye,
With a shape like a capital I;
She said, "It's too bad!
But then I can pad."
Which shows you that figures can lie.

Books for the Holidays

"WHEN MALINDY SINGS," illustrated with photographs by the Hampton Institute Camera Club, is a book of poems of negro life by the well-known African writer, Paul Laurence Dunbar. To anyone who has lived in the South the book makes an irresistible appeal, and brings again the vision of the bending figures in the cotton-field and the scent of magnolia in the land where

"De jessamine erside de road
Is bloomin' rich an' white."

There are twenty poems in the collection, each of which is a true and homely picture of a "darky" face or scene. There is about the verses the simple grace that makes the charm of James Whitcomb Riley, and the poet assuredly knows his people. The superstition that "Uncle Dan" or "Mammy" is sure to cherish is seen in such a delightful bit of warning as "The Boogah Man." It is almost as good as the "Goode-uns." Can't you hear the South "a-callin'" in such lines as—

"W'en de win's a-shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,
W'en de owl's a-hootin'
Out daid in de wood,
Don't you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?"

"When Malindy Sings" is published by the Musson Book Company.

Should any bewildered man, seeking for a book that will be pleasing to womankind, come upon "Miladi" by Clara E. Laughlin, he will be stupid indeed if he fails to realize the end of his search. Miss Laughlin has written many articles for girls and women, most of which have appeared in the "Delicacy" moving with a widespread popularity. While she addresses a feminine circle of readers, there is about Miss Laughlin's work none of the natty-pammy, heart-to-heart style that marks most of those who address themselves to women. There are twelve chapters in which "Miladi's" various relationships are discussed, the last being "Miladi's Motherhood." There is a subtle humor that pleasantly brightens the discussion of the various problems which confront sweethearts and wives.

"A Child's Ascent," published by Hodder & Stoughton, and "The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin," published by Frederick Warne & Co., are from the Toronto branch, William Tyrrell & Co. The first is a version of old tales for young people, and the pictures are most diverting fables in themselves. "Squirrel Nutkin" is a bold, young hero, who meets with a sad accident, his beautiful tail being broken in two. The small book is prettily bound, with a picture on the cover of Monsieur Nutkin indulging in a festive leap.

In choosing a book for young people it is often a problem to know what to select. It is safe to recommend "Thistle-down," Mrs. C. V. Jamieson's latest book, to the Christmas shopper. This bright authoress has a fund of originality that lends undeniable charm to her writings, and in "Thistle-down" she has achieved a triumph equal to that won by the familiar "Lady Jane." Her latest hero is introduced as a youthful aristocrat, who finally comes into good fortune, to which he is entitled, proving himself to be a member of a prominent New Orleans family. The book appears in very attractive form, being prettily bound and well illustrated. (The Century Company, New York; William Tyrrell & Co., Toronto.)

Another glimpse of Russian court life is given in Mr. Arthur W. Marchmont's new book, "When I Was Czar." The first chapter is devoted to a letter from the hero, Harper Denver, a young American traveling in Russia, to a friend at home. The heading is, "The Palace, St. Petersburg," and is inscribed "To my friend, 'The Czar.' " After perusing the epistle the reader is prepared to encounter intrigues and treachery, love and the clanking of swords, and he is not disappointed. The story abounds with graphic descriptions and stirring scenes, and it must be a well-earned never flag. Altogether this offering is one of Mr. Marchmont's best, and it will, in all probability, meet with a wide circulation. (McLeod & Allen, Toronto.)

Those who have read Miss Helen Keller's story of her life will be much interested in her latest offering, an essay on "Optimism." As written by a youthful authoress who is blind, deaf and dumb, it is a truly marvelous work. The following extract is one of the bright paragraphs in this remarkably clever little volume: "As I stand in the sunshine of a sincere and earnest optimism, my imagination paints yet more glorious triumphs on the cloud-curtain of the future. Out of the fierce struggle and turmoil of contending systems and powers I see a brighter spiritual era slowly emerge, an era in which there shall be no England, no France, no Germany, no America, no this people or that, but one family, the human race; one law, peace; one need, harmony; one means, labor; one taskmaster, God." Such thoughts expressed by one who has been robbed of three of heaven's choicest gifts cannot fail to appeal to all humanity and the writer, all through, clothes her ideas in a remarkably interesting and clever manner.

There is no doubt many a man, whether he belong to Reform or Conservative ranks, who would welcome such a gift as Mr. J. S. Willison's "Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Liberal Party." This is what the London "Times" says with regard to it: "It is especially in regard to the religious question that Mr. Willison's book is esteemed in Canada as giving an authoritative account of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's relations with the Liberal party. In Canada, no doubt, the religious question is one of the most difficult, one of the

most delicate, with which a leader of Catholic and French descent can be called upon to deal; and it has been Sir Wilfrid Laurier's fortune to find himself readers than once in the course of his career in conflict with those ecclesiastical influences to which as an orthodox son of the Church he might have been expected to submit himself. The details of the struggle which he has felt himself called upon to sustain are chiefly of Canadian interest, but his attitude towards the whole question in moments of conflict is so essentially characteristic of the cool, upright and yet sympathetic independence of surrounding influence which has marked his public life that the account which is given by Mr. Willison may be profitably read by English readers for the sake of the light which it throws upon his character."

"An Old-Fashioned Sugar Camp," by Paul Griswold Huston, is a book full of the sap of the healthful spring forest. It is a genuine "Nature book," and not a make-believe. From the sugar camp to the winter woods we are taken by pleasant paths and learn anew the wisdom of the seasons. The springtime can never be spoiled, perhaps because its beauty is so fugitive, and the author knows how to describe old joys until we almost feel young again and resolve to look for dogtooth violets when next they are in bloom. The writer begins with a quotation from Emerson and ends with Thoreau, showing thereby that he knows his kinsmen. (The Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Work," by Hugh Black, M.A., is a collection of nine essays on a subject which some of us are inclined to shirk. Every one of the nine chapters is a tonic to the soul. The author does not fail to distinguish between that which is work and that which is mere restlessness—the fever of the age. "The Ideal of Work" is the most arresting chapter of them all, for it grasps the truth that toil is enabling only as we see the end, or, as the Latin puts it, "Finit coronat opus." There are many sentences in this book that flash like jewels in a sudden blaze of truth—gems that are worth many a toilsome search through the "books of the day." The book is bound and illustrated with rare taste and discernment. To read "Work" is a lightening and easing of life's burden. (The Fleming H. Revell Company.)

"Follow the Glean," the new book by Joseph Hocking, is a tale of the time of Oliver Cromwell. The hero is a young man of cavalier family, who sees that justice is on the side of the parliamentarian. His sweetheart also belongs to a cavalier family, and this makes it doubly hard for him to "Follow the Glean." The story is told with a swing and dash in keeping with the scenes of strife described. We are almost "done to death" by the historical interest, and it is a welcome change from some of the slovenly stuff with which weaker writers have been inflicting us. The book is attractively bound in crimson and gold. (The Copp, Clark Company.)

"Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern," by Joshua Sylvester, is a seasonal collection of songs about Yuletide, ranging from "In Excelsis Gloria" and "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" to the latest carols, down to the quaint and comparatively modern "Last Night As I Lay Sleeping." From a literary and historical standpoint the collection is exceedingly interesting, and the dark-green cover, with mistletoe berries, is in attractive accordance with subject and season. (A. Wessels Company, New York; Wm. Tyrrell & Company, Toronto.)

About Writers.

Algeon Charles Swinburne, who, since the death of Lord Tennyson, has stood at the head of living English poets, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

When Mme. Sarah Bernhardt publishes the memoirs upon which she is at present engaged, she will show her good nature in her choice of the illustrations. These will include not only numerous portraits of the actress, but many of the caricatures of her which have been published in France and in the foreign countries she has visited.

The new British Ambassador at Washington is an author. His works include a book on "Central India in 1857" (1876), an edition, with a memoir, of his father's work on "The First Afghan War" (1879), a life of his father (Sir H. Marion Durand) (1883), and a novel

entitled "Helen Trevelyan, or The Ruling Race," in three volumes (1892). This last was published under the pseudonym of "John Roy."

It was rumored some time ago that Mr. Jack London, whose "Call of the Wild" has recently done so much to extend his reputation, was the author of "The Kempton-Wach Letters," an addition to the epistolary fiction of the day, which, to tell the truth, is not in the least brilliant. It is now stated that Mr. London had a collaborator in writing the book, Miss Anna Strunsky, a graduate of the Leland Stanford University.

The writer who fancies that he would like to collaborate with somebody would do well to take warning from a recent instance and beware lest he choose a collaborator better known than he is himself. Mr. Joseph Conrad and Mr. Ford Madox Huffer have recently written together a novel called "Romance." The reviewers of the book in England persistently put Mr. Conrad in the foreground. In some cases one would imagine, from what they say, that Mr. Conrad alone had written the book.

Baron Rowton, who died recently in England, became Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary in 1866, and upon the death of the English Premier was bequeathed all of Beaconsfield's papers and letters, with full power to use them as he pleased. It was expected that Lord Rowton would write the life of Beaconsfield, as he knew Disraeli better than any one else; but the story goes that Queen Victoria requested him not to write this life until some years had passed, when age incapacitated him for the work.

Mr. George Gissing is staying in the south of France, working at an historical novel, and, it is said, working very hard. We wonder if he has definitely abandoned that study of shabby life in London which for years seemed his chief preoccupation, and to which we owe his depressing but powerful novels. If he has given it up we shall not be sorry, for we would like him to write more books like "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" and "By the Ionian Sea." The historical novel we have just mentioned is not unlikely to appear in the spring. It will be pleasant if it turns out to be a book in the new vein which the author has recently been cultivating. Edmund Clarence Stedman, the veteran author, is the subject of an amusing anecdote which is current just now in literary circles. Mr. Stedman, it seems, while on a visit to France, stopped one day on a country road to admire the surrounding country. As he stood gazing meditatively over the fields he noticed that several peasants who passed him on the road bowed and took off their hats to him. Mr. Stedman was at first surprised at their salutes in his honor, and wondered for whom these polite peasants mistook him; but as they were repeated by peasant after peasant, he finally concluded that his reputation had penetrated further than he supposed. As he moved away from the spot he happened to glance behind him. He had been standing in front of a statue of the Virginia

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guests were Mesdames Reeve, Long, Alley, McPhedran, Aikins and Gaudier, and the Misses Dalton, Montgomery, Aikins, Howard and Nelson.

Among the passengers sailing by the "Kaiser Wilhelm II." from New York on Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Parker of Lowther avenue.

Mrs. H. M. Fowlds and Miss Grace Fowlds of "The Maples," Hastings, Ont., are spending a few days in Toronto, guests at the King Edward Hotel.

The Argonaut At Home, to be held on the evening of Friday, January 8, will be under the patronage of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and the following ladies: Lady Kirkpatrick, Mrs. G. A. Sweeney, Mrs. H. C. Hammond, Mrs. R. W. Barker, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mrs. W. Beardmore, Mrs. H. C. Osborne, Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Melvin Jones, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. John I. Davidson, Mrs. William Mackenzie and Mrs. T. P. Galt.

Mrs. E. C. Colenutt (nee Haworth), now of Detroit, is visiting her old home, and will remain here during the holidays.

Trinity Church choir, since, under the direction of Mr. Percy Owen, held their annual concert in Wells Hall on Thursday, December 10. The choir, which is one of the finest in Western Ontario, was assisted on this occasion by Miss Dora McMurry of Toronto and Mr. George Fox, violinist. Among the numbers were Mendelssohn's psalm, "Judge Me, O God," and Rossini's "Inflammatus." Since papers state that it was, without any exception, the finest concert ever heard in the place.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week the King Edward was en fête with dancing and music. The Halton Old Boys' Association, the dental students' dance, the Strolling Players' charming concert, and, last and best, the quaint and lovely "poudre," were the attractions, beside several dinners and an influx of callers on Friday for Mrs. Downey's friends from New York. I believe Mrs. Downey will not receive again before leaving town, and we shall all miss her greatly.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Watson are settled in their new home, 234 St. George street, where Mrs. and Miss Watson will receive on the second and third Fridays in each month after New Year.

The students of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute held their annual At Home last night.

A Toronto girl, now Mrs. Arnold T. Clarke, wife of a practising physician in Mandeville, Jamaica, writes that she has taken the management of a pension there. Toronto girls have made successes of this sort of thing in all quarters of the globe, and Mrs. Clarke's friends will wish her the same.

On another page the annual statement of the showing made is good and is no doubt very satisfactory to depositors and shareholders. The Toronto branch is in the King Edward Hotel block, corner Victoria and King streets. This location in the shopping district makes it desirable for ladies and others to carry their savings accounts in this institution, many of whom have already availed themselves of this convenience.

Rejected Man in China.

China is the only country in the world where editors give a thoroughly satisfactory reason for the return of a manuscript. Here is a sample letter sent by a Peking editor to a would-be contributor to his journal:

"Illustration brother of the sun and moon. Look upon thy slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live. 'We have read thy manuscript with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it as thy Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion and never again to print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript and beg of thee ten thousand pardons. See—my hand is at my feet, and I am the slave of thy servant.—The Editor."

Satisfactory Division.

The old farmer and his wife had agreed to separate. They had only one child. "Everything friendly?" enquired a neighbor. "Oh, yes," replied the old man, carelessly. "No trouble about making a fair division of the property?" "Oh, no. She gets the kid and the canned fruit, and I get the pig and the apple tree. That's even enough, ain't it?" "Town and Country."

Willing to Oblige.

"I want to ask you something, Grace," said the beautiful heiress. "What is it, ducky?" the duke enquired. "Would you object if I should request the minister to omit the word 'obey' from the service when we are married?" "Certainly not. He can just make it 'love, honor and supply.'"—Chicago "Record-Herald."

"How's your mother?" asked the neighbor. "Worried to death," answered the boy who was swinging on the front gate. "Father's hunting in the Adirondacks, brother Bill's gone to a political convention, brother Jack's joined a football team and the dress-maker has just told mother that she'd look a fright in mourning."—Washington "Star."

"How did you like Doctor Fourly last Sunday morning?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle. "Don't you think he indulged rather freely in mixed metaphors?" "Goodness! I didn't notice him. Did he have it right there in the pulpit? This'll be a terrible blow to Josiah. He thinks so much of the doctor."—Chicago "Record-Herald."

"Does he pay as his wife goes?" "He pays as his wife goes."

Happy Thought Range



Over 120,000 of them in use in the Dominion, and all giving excellent satisfaction. They bake perfectly, save fuel, keep a fire day and night, always ready for baking.

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The William Buck Stove Co., Limited,
Brantford, Ont.

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Do not forget a jar of

Imperial Cheese

It is the highest standard of excellence in Canada.

A. F. MacLaren Imperial Cheese Co.
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Our opal jars are imitated, but Imperial Cheese cannot be.



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Princess Theater

ALL NEXT WEEK SPECIAL MATINEE XMAS DAY

The Greatest Comedy Hit America Has Ever Known

KIRKE LA SHELLE'S ORIGINAL PRODUCTION OF

The EARL of PAWTUCKET

By Augustus Thomas, with MR. LAWRENCE D'ORSAY and the Cast seen all last winter and summer in New York and 3 months in Boston.

SHEA'S THEATER

Matinees Daily WEEK DEC. 21 Mats. 25, 50

The latest and brightest Vaudeville

THE VASSAR GIRLS

Vocalists, Instrumentalists and Dancers

JOE. MYRA & BUSTER KEATON

Eclectic Comedians

HOEY & LEE

Hebrew Comedians and Parodists

SMIL & KESSNER

Fun and Dancing

THE NINE NELSONS

World's Greatest Acrobats

GEORGE SCHINDLER

Harmonica Player

TED. McKENNA

and His \$5,000 Dog

THE KINETOGRAPH

With all new Views

SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

WILL M. CRESSY & BLANCHE DAYNE

another of Mr. Cressy's Stories,

"BILL HIFFIN'S BABY"

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FIT FOR A KING!!

"The Marshall Sanitary" is the only

PERFECTLY

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MATTRESS IN THE WORLD

It is a royal bed with the touch of every

of size, 11, 12 and 13 feet, circular.

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SPECIAL SUNDAY EVENING SERMON

By Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A.

A UNITARIAN CHURCH, JARVIS ST.

Dec. 20. "The Vice of Gambling: What To Do About It."

Unitarian Literature Free.—Address, Secretary, 118 Jarvis Street.

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Annual Entertainment

MASSEY HALL DEC. 29th.

100 Well-Trained Voices in Chorus

The Premier End Men

ARE

MR. J. LAWLER WOODS,

The old Soap Veteran.

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The Popular Jeweller Traveler for P. W. Ellis & Co. and 8 others.

16 Talented Exponents of Refined

Blackface Minstrelsy

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ARTHUR L. E. DAVIS,

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HALL, RECEPTION and ASSEMBLY ROOMS

Afternoon Tea...

Probs—So you were in the Iowa cyclone. At what point did the storm leave the town?

Dobbs—It didn't leave the town—it just took it along.



Vogue

The Shirt Waists seen at the smart Receptions, Teas and other social functions are no longer the simple affairs of a few years ago, but are intricate combinations of silks, laces, chiffons, etc., forming a charming and ensemble.

Many of the most attractive that have lately been seen at "King Edward" and other society events were designed and finished at our establishment. Of course there are an infinite number of styles and cuts some tailor-made and suitable for "Maitreies," others with bewildering profusion of lace and trimming. To be in perfect taste, however, the style must be adapted to the figure and complexion, and we give the correct suggestions.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

Cartwright—Dec. 10, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander D. Cartwright, a daughter.

Pullman—Dec. 4, Field, B.C., Mrs. Will J. Pullman, a daughter.

Williams—Dec. 10, Toronto, Mrs. E. G. Williams, a son.

Martin—Dec. 12, Toronto, Mrs. L. K. Martin, a son.

May—Dec. 12, Toronto, Mrs. Charles F. May, a daughter.

Harris—Dec. 15, Toronto, Mrs. J. A. Harris, a son.

O'Hara—Dec. 16, Toronto, Mrs. Hal R. O'Hara, a daughter.

Warren—Dec. 10, Toronto, Mrs. J. M. Warren, a son.

Marriages

Meek—Hadden—December 12th, at All Saints' Church, Toronto, by Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Joseph Stephen Henry Maurice Meek to Elizabeth Annie Hadden.

Davidson—Powell—Dec. 2, Toronto, Frank Caspar Davidson to Ellen Anida Powell.

Gordon—Benson—Dec. 2, Regina, Albert Leslie Gordon to Winifred Mary Benson.

Heron—Allen—Pepler—Nov. 19, High Harrogate, Yorkshire, England, Edward Heron—Allen to Edith Pepler.

Gordon—Behan—Dec. 16, Mimico, Ont., Arthur Lindsey Gordon to Lillian Behan.

Kinnear—Nasmith—Dec. 16, Toronto, Thomas Herbert Kinnear to Margaret Greenleaf Nasmith.

Robinson—Turnbull—Dec. 10, Toronto, George W. Robinson to Jessie Turnbull.

Walker—Elson—July 2, 1902, Brighton, Ont., James Albert Walker to Alice Maude Elson.

Deaths

White—At Chicago, Dec. 4, 1903, Kathleen Muriel, youngest daughter of F. Edson and Mrs. White, and granddaughter of Rev. M. L. Pearson, Toronto, aged 14 months and 11 days.

Culverwell—Dec. 11, Toronto, John T. Culverwell, J.P.

McAree—Dec. 11, Toronto, John McAree, D.P.S., aged 52 years.

Langley—Dec. 12, Toronto, Alice Langley, Barclay—Calkins, Alex. J. Barclay.

Macdonnell—Dec. 14, Toronto, Alexander Macdonnell, aged 83 years.

Cartwright—Dec. 10, Toronto, infant daughter of Alexander D. Cartwright, aged 5 days.

Easton—Dec. 14, Toronto, Robert Easton, aged 74 years.

Greene—Dec. 16, Toronto, Mrs. Marion Greene.

Armstrong—Dec. 16, Toronto, Helen Florida Armstrong, aged 2 years 7 months.

Munro—Dec. 16, Fergus, Neil M. Munro, aged 70 years.

W. H. STONE

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HOLIDAY RATES

Territory Between all Stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., Sarnia, Windsor and East, also to Detroit and Pt. Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Sault Ste. Marie, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Rate and Limit Single First-Class Fare for the Round Trip

Good going Dec. 24th and 25th valid returning until Dec. 28th; also good going Dec. 28th and Jan. 1st valid returning until Jan. 4th, 1904.

Rate and Limit Single First-Class Fare and One-Third for the Round Trip

Good going Dec. 23rd, 24th and 25th, also on Dec. 26th, 27th and Jan. 1st, valid returning until Jan. 5th, 1904.

For tickets and all information apply to Agents.

J. D. McDONALD,

District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS, APRIL 30 TO DECEMBER 1, 1904.

For Christmas and New Year's Vacation

will issue return tickets.

At Single First-Class Fare, good going Dec. 24th valid for return until December 28, 1903; good going December 31, 1903, and Jan. 1, 1904, valid for return until January 4, 1904.

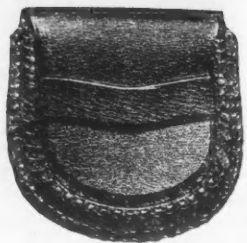
At First-Class Fare and One-Third, good going December 23, 24 and 25, and December 26, 27 and January 1, 1904, good returning until January 5, 1904.

Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Detroit, Mich., and East, and TO BUT NOT FROM Buffalo, N.Y.



Collar and Cuff Cases

Roll Ups	\$1.25 to 2.00
Flat	1.50 to 3.00
Round	1.00 to 3.00

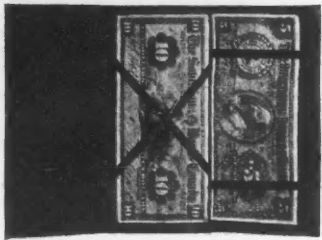


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English Coin Purses
Four sizes, in Morocco and Pigskin.
75c., 85c., \$1.00, \$1.10.

Hand Plaited Card Cases
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Three sizes—\$1.25, \$2, \$3.

Hand Plaited Ticket Holders
in fancy leathers—25c., 35c., 50c.



Bill Books

In Morocco, Seal and Walrus.

Prices, 50c. to \$5.00.

Letter Cases

In Morocco, Seal and Walrus.

Prices, 50c. to \$4.00.

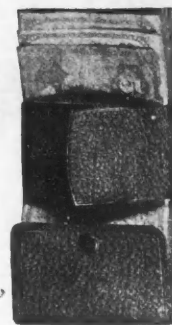


Real Sea Lion Bags

Every Bag has inside of it our guarantee that it is the genuine Sea Lion. For a quiet, rich appearance the coarse grain, dull black English Sea Lion has never been equaled in any leather, and has almost entirely superseded alligator.

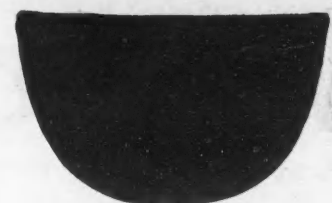
No. 970 is a very light bag for ladies' use. Size 16 inch. Price, \$10.00
No. 969—A deeper bag than No. 970. Size 16 inch. Price, 12.00
No. 971—Same as illustration. 16 inch, \$15.00; 18 inch, 20.00
No. 972—Gentlemen's Club Bag, same style as our famous No. 999.
Double handle bag. 18 inch, \$20.00; 20 inch, 25.00
No. 716—Sea Lion Suit Case. 24 inches, 28.00

Anyone interested in Sea Lion Bags can have a sample of this leather mailed to them without charge.



Bill Folds

Plain Leather	25c.
Black Goatskin	35c.
Black Morocco	50c.
Black Seal	75c.
Black Seal	1.00
Colored Seal	1.25



Tobacco Pouches

In Buck, Deer and Kangaroo with Rubber Linings.

Prices, 50c., 75c., \$1.00.

Cigar Cases

Prices, 50c. to \$5.00.

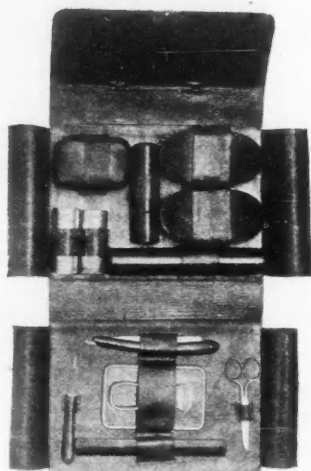


Traveling Bags For Men

No. 999—Grain Leather, all colors, 16 inch, \$10; 18 inch, \$11; 20 inch, \$12.

No. 998—Black Chrome Tan Calfskin, 18 inch, \$12; 20 inch, \$13.

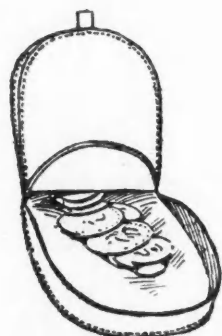
No. 996—Fine English Tanned Seal Lion, 18 inch, \$20; 20 inch, \$25.00.



Dressing Cases For Men and Women

Prices, \$2.50 to 20.00.

TRAVELING BAGS
HAT BOXES
HAT TRUNKS
SUIT CASES
BRIEF BAGS
WRITING FOLIOS
DESK BLOTTERS
PLAYING CARD CASES
EYE-GLASS CLEANERS
INK BOTTLES
COIN PURSES
SAFETY RAZORS
MILITARY BRUSHES
TOILET ROLLS

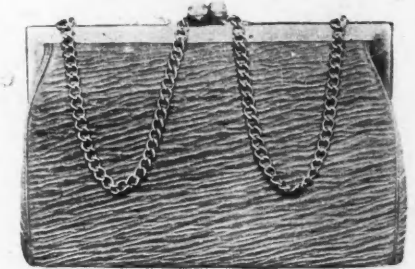


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Hand Sewn, in pigskin.
Four sizes.
45c., 50c., 65c., 75c.

Hand sewn, black seal-skin. Three sizes.
85c. \$1.00 \$1.25

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CIGAR CASES
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TICKET HOLDERS
CARD CASES
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In all the new ideas and at all prices.



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We have the largest stock in Canada.



Prices, 30c. to \$5.00.



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50c. to \$5.00

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Music Holders

Made in all the new patterns.
Prices, 75c. to 6.00



Dressing Bags For Ladies

In Real Morocco, \$14.00 to 75.00.



Fitted Suit Cases For Ladies or Gentlemen

Containing only the best articles.
Price, \$25.00.



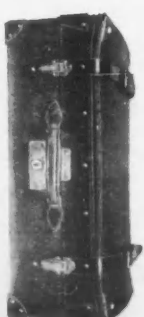
Fitted Deep Club Bags For Men

Containing the articles needed when traveling. Only the best quality of fittings used.

Price, 18 inch, \$20.00; 20 inch, \$21.00.

Fitted Club Bag for Ladies

16 inch, \$14.00; 18 inch, \$15.00.



Bellows Suit Cases

Weigh very little more than the regular case, made in two sizes and all colors of leather lined. Prices 24-inch, \$14.00; 26-inch, \$15.00. Leather lined, 24-inch, \$16.00; 26-inch, \$17.00.

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Round Shape	\$3.50
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	7.00
	10.00

